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HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

HELIOGABALUS was shoveling snow. The snow was very deep, and the path from the front door to the road was a long one, and the shovel was almost as big as Heliogabalus.

But Gobaly—as everybody called him, for short—did n't give up easily. You might have known that he would n't give up easily by one glance at his sturdy little figure, at his bright, wide-open eyes, his firm mouth, and his square, prominent chin; even the little, turned-up end of his nose looked resolute.

Besides, Mrs. Pynchum had told him to shovel out the path; and she had a switch behind the wood-shed door, to say nothing of her slipper.

Mrs. Pynchum kept the poor-farm, and Gobaly was "town's poor." The boys sometimes called him that, when he went to coast on Three-Pine Hill or to see the skating on the mill-pond; and sometimes, too, they made fun of his clothes. But it was only the boys who were a great deal bigger than he who dared to make fun of Gobaly, and some of them even ran when he doubled up his fists. But Methuselah! I don't know what would have become of Methuselah if he had not had Gobaly to defend him. For he was a delicate little fellow; "spindlin' and good for nothin'." Mrs. Pynchum called him; and he had come to her in a basket—in other words, Methuselah was a foundling.

Mrs. Pynchum "did n't think much of children who came in a basket from nobody knew where. It did n't seem to belong to Poplarville to support

him, since he did n't belong to anybody that ever lived there, and his keep and his medicine cost more than he would ever be worth to anybody."

Gobaly's mother died in the poor-house, and left him there, a baby; she had always lived in the town, and so had his father, so of course Gobaly had a perfect right there; and old Dr. Barnacle, who was very learned, had said of him that he was an uncommonly fine baby, and had named him Heliogabalus.

Besides, he was strong and willing, and did a great deal of work. Mrs. Pynchum "could put up with Gobaly." But Methuselah, she said, was "a thorn in her side." And now, after being a trial all his life, he had a hip disease, which the doctor feared was incurable, and which made him more troublesome still!

But, after all, Mrs. Pynchum was n't quite so bad as one would have thought from her talk. She must have had a soft spot somewhere in her heart, for she put plums in Methuselah's porridge, now that he was ill, and once she had let Gobaly leave his wood-chopping to draw him out on his sled.

I suppose there is a soft spot in everybody's heart, only sometimes it is n't very easy to find it; and Mrs. Pynchum might not have been so cross if she had led an easier life. There were a good many queer people in the poor-house, "flighty in their heads and wearin' in their ways," she said, and sometimes they must have been trying to the patience.

Once in a great while, indeed, Mrs. Pynchum was good-natured, and then, sometimes for a whole

evening, the poor-house would seem like home. All those who lived there would then sit around the fire and roast apples; and Mrs. Pynchum would even unlock the closet under the back stairs, where there was a great bag full of nuts that Sandy Gooding and Gobaly had gathered; and Uncle Sim Perkins would tell stories.

But it happened very unfortunately that Mrs. Pynchum never had one of her good-natured days on Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or any holiday. She was sure to say on those days that she was "all tried to pieces."

And everybody was frightened and unhappy when Mrs. Pynchum was "all tried to pieces," and so that was the reason why Gobaly's heart sank as he remembered, while he was shoveling the path through the snow, that the next day was Christmas.

Some people from the village went by with a Christmas-tree, which they had cut down in the woods just beyond the poor-house; there were children in the party, and they called to Gobaly and wished him a merry Christmas, and asked him if they were going to have a Christmas-tree at his house, and expressed great surprise that he was n't going to hang up his stocking. Then one of the children suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, that's the poor-house! It's never Christmas there!"

Poor Gobaly's heart sank still more as he caught these words, and somehow he felt very tired, and minded the cold, as he had not thought of minding it a moment before, and the snow-bank looked as if he never could shovel through it. For though Gobaly was stout-hearted, he did n't like to be reminded that he was "town's poor," and that Christmas was nothing to him.

Just then he caught sight of Methuselah's little pinched face pressed against the window-pane. Methuselah always had, even when he was a baby, a worn and pallid face, like a little old man, and that was why they called him Methuselah. It was cold in the front room, but Methuselah had wrapped himself in a piece of an old quilt and stolen into the back room and to the window, where he could see Gobaly shoveling the snow.

Methuselah never was quite happy when Gobaly was out of his sight.

Gobaly went up to the window.

"To-morrow 's Christmas, 'Thusely!" he said.

"Is it? Do you s'pose she knows it? She'll be 'all tried to pieces,' wont she?"

("She" always meant Mrs. Pynchum in the poor-house; nobody there ever spoke of her in any other way.)

Gobaly was sadly afraid that she would, but he said, cheerfully:

"May be she wont. May be she 'll let me take

you out on my sled; and one Christmas there was turkey and plum-pudding."

"Must have been a good many Christmases ago; I can't remember it!" said Methuselah. "Some folks have 'em every Christmas, Uncle Sim says, but perhaps it is n't true. Gobaly, do you believe there really is any Santa Claus, such as Uncle Sim tells about, or did he make it all up? To be sure, he showed me a picture of him."

"I know there is," said Gobaly, firmly, "because I've seen presents that he brought to boys and girls in the village."

"Then why don't he ever come here and bring us some?" said Methuselah, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him. "Do you s'pose it's because we're worse than any other boys in the world? She says we are, sometimes. Or may be he's too proud to stop at the poor-house."

"Perhaps he can't find the way," said Gobaly. "'Cause it's a pretty crooked road, you know. Or may be he would n't think it was worth the while to come so far out of the village just for us; he would n't be going to Squire Thorndike's, because there are n't any children there, and there are n't any other houses on this road."

"I wish we lived where there was a truly Christmas, like places where Uncle Sim has been; don't you, Gobaly? May be he makes them all up, though; it seems as if they must be too good to be true."

"I should n't wonder if you got lots of plums in your porridge to-morrow, and perhaps a piece of mince-pie. And I'll ask her to let me take you up to Three-Pine Hill on the sled."

Gobaly always showed the bright side of things to Methuselah, and he had become so accustomed to looking for a bright side that he could find one when you would n't have thought there was any there.

And whenever he found a very big lump in his throat he swallowed it for Methuselah's sake, and pretended that he did n't see anything in the world to cry about.

He had to go back to his shoveling then, but after he had started he turned back to say:

"When I'm a man, you shall have Christmases, 'Thusely!"

It was in that way that Gobaly often comforted Methuselah. It never seemed to occur to either of them that 'Thusely might possibly grow to be a man too.

Gobaly went to work at the snow again as if it were not a bit bigger than he was, and he soon had a rampart piled up on each side of the path so high that he thought it must look like the Chinese Wall which Uncle Sim was always telling of.

As he was digging the very last shovelful of

snow out of the path, he heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and saw the butcher's wagon, set upon runners and drawn by a very frisky horse, going in the direction of the village. The butcher's boy and three of his comrades occupied the seat, and as many more boys were wedged in among the joints of meat and heaps of poultry in the back of the

pened, it seemed that before the dog had time to get out of the way, the sled had gone over him, and he lay helpless and howling upon the snow!

The boys either found it impossible to stop their horse, or were too frightened to investigate the extent of the mischief they had done, for they went careering on, and left the poor dog to his fate.



"GOBALLY TRIED TO DISCOVER HOW BADLY THE DOG WAS HURT."

wagon. They were evidently combining pleasure with business in the liveliest manner.

Coming in the other direction, from the village, was a large Newfoundland dog with a basket in his mouth. Gobaly liked dogs, and he was sure that he was acquainted with every one in the village. As he was on intimate terms with every big one, he knew that this must be a stranger.

The butcher's boy was driving recklessly, and seemed to think it would be fun to make a sudden turn into the drifts through which the dog was bounding. The horse, taken by surprise and somewhat frightened, made a sudden plunge; and though Gobaly could not quite see how it hap-

Gobaly was at his side in a moment, patting his shaggy black head, calling him "poor doggie" and "good doggie," and trying to discover how badly he was hurt. He came to the conclusion, after a thorough examination, that his leg was either broken or badly sprained,—and Gobaly was a judge of such things. He had once doctored a rooster's lame leg, and though the rooster was never again able to mount a fence, and crowded with diminished energy, he was still able to cheer his heart by fighting the three other roosters all at once, and was likely to escape the dinner-pot for a long time to come, though his gait was no longer lordly. Gobaly had also successfully treated a kitten with a

sprained ankle—to say nothing of one whose tail the gobbler had nipped off. And he had seen the doctor in the village set a puppy's leg, and had carefully watched the operation.

He helped the dog along toward the house—and it was well that he was a strong and sturdy little fellow or he could not have done it—and managed at last to get the poor creature, unobserved, into the wood-shed. He was very much afraid that Mrs. Pynchum, if she should see him, would order him to leave the dog in the road, and he knew it would not do to carry him in beside the kitchen fire, as he wanted to, for Mrs. Pynchum never wanted "a dirty dog in her clean house."

Gobaly found it hard to decide whether the bone was broken or only out of place, but he made a sort of a splint, such as he had seen the doctor use upon the puppy's leg, and then wound soft cloths, wet with liniment, about it, and the dog certainly seemed relieved, and licked Gobaly's hand, and looked at him with grateful eyes.

He ventured into the house after a while, and beckoned to Methuselah to come out to the wood-shed.

Methuselah was convinced that Santa Claus had sent the dog to them as a Christmas present, and his delight was unbounded.

"Of course, Santa Claus must have sent him, or why would he have come down this lonely road all by himself? And you will cure him" (Methuselah thought there was little that Gobaly could n't do if he tried), "and perhaps she will let us keep him!"

But a sudden recollection had struck Gobaly. The dog had been carrying a basket in his mouth; there might be something in it that would tell where he came from.

Though the dog's appearance was mysterious, Gobaly was not so ready as Methuselah to accept the Santa Claus theory.

He ran out and found the basket, half buried in the snow, where it had fallen from the dog's mouth. There were several letters and papers in it addressed to "Dr. Carruthers, care of Richard Thorndike, Esq."

Dr. Carruthers was the famous New York physician who was visiting Squire Thorndike! Gobaly had heard the people in the village talking about him. The dog probably belonged to him, and had been sent to the post-office for his letters.

Although he had not really believed that Santa Claus sent the dog, Gobaly did feel a pang of disappointment that they must part with him so soon. But then Mrs. Pynchum would probably not have allowed them to keep him, anyhow, and she might have had him shot because his leg was hurt. That thought consoled Gobaly, and having obtained Mrs. Pynchum's permission to carry him

to his master,—which was readily given, since it was the easiest way to get rid of the dog,—he put a very large box, with a bed in it made of straw and soft cloth, upon his sled, and then lifted the dog gently into the box. The dog whined with pain when he was moved, but still licked Gobaly's hand, as if he understood that he was his friend and did not mean to hurt him.

Methuselah stood in the shed door, and looked after them, weeping, sadly making up his mind that Santa Claus was proud and would never come to the poor-house.

Gobaly had never been even inside Squire Thorndike's gate before, and he went up to one of the back doors with fear and trembling; the servants at Squire Thorndike's were said to be "stuck-up," and they might not be very civil to "town's poor." But at the sight of the dog they raised a great cry, and at once ushered Gobaly into the presence of Squire Thorndike and Dr. Carruthers, that he might tell them all he knew about the accident.

Dr. Carruthers was a big, jolly-looking man, with white hair and a long white beard, just like pictures of Santa Claus. Gobaly was sure that Methuselah would think he was Santa Claus if he could see him. He evidently felt very sorry about the dog's accident, and pitied him and petted him as if he were a baby; Gobaly, who had never had so much petting in his whole life, thought the dog ought to forget all about his leg.

And then he suddenly turned to Gobaly and asked him who set the leg. Gobaly answered, modestly, that he "fixed it as well as he could because there was n't anybody else around."

"How did you know how?" asked the doctor. And Gobaly related his experiences with the rooster and the kitten and the puppy. Dr. Carruthers looked at him steadily out of a pair of eyes that were very sharp, although very kind. Then he turned to Squire Thorndike and said "an uncommon boy." Squire Thorndike answered, and they talked together in a low tone, casting an occasional glance at Gobaly.

How Gobaly's ears did burn! He wondered what Squire Thorndike knew about him, and he thought of every prank he ever had played in his life. Gobaly was an unusually good boy, but he *had* played a few pranks,—being a boy,—and he thought they were a great deal worse than they really were, because Mrs. Pynchum said so. And he imagined that Dr. Carruthers was hearing all about them, and would presently turn round and say that such a bad boy had no right to touch his dog, and that such conduct was just what he should expect of "town's poor." But instead of that, after several minutes' conversation with Squire Thorndike, he turned to Gobaly, and said:

"I want an office-boy, and I think you are just the boy to suit me. How would you like to come and live with me, and perhaps, one of these days, be a doctor yourself?"

Gobaly caught his breath.

To go away from Mrs. Pynchum; not to be "town's poor" any more; to learn to be a doctor! He had said once in Mrs. Pynchum's hearing that he wanted to be a doctor when he grew up, and she had said, sneeringly, that "town's poor were n't very likely to get a chance to learn to be doctors."

And now the chance had come to him! Gobaly thought it seemed too much like heaven to be anything that could happen to a mortal boy!

"Well, would you like to go?" asked the doctor again, as Gobaly could find no words to answer.

"Would I, sir? *Would n't I!*" said Gobaly, with a radiant face.

"Well, then, I will make an arrangement with the selectmen — which I have no doubt it will be easy to do — and will take you home with me to-morrow night," said the good doctor.

But the brightness had suddenly faded from Gobaly's face. He stood with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, gazing irresolutely at the carpet.

But it was not the carpet that Gobaly saw; it might as well have been the yellow paint of the poor-house floors for all that he noticed of its luxurious pile and beautiful colors. It was 'Thusely's pale, pinched little face that he saw! It had risen before him even while the doctor was speaking. If he went away, who would take care of 'Thusely? And 'Thusely's heart would be broken.

"I can't go, sir; I forgot. No — no — I can't go!" said Gobaly.

Oh, what a lump there was in his throat! He had swallowed many a lump for 'Thusely's sake, but that was the very biggest one!

And then he turned and ran out of the house, without any ceremony. He knew it was rude, but that lump would n't stay down, and though he might be called "town's poor," he was n't going to be called a cry-baby!

And home he ran, as fast as his legs would carry him.

That night something very unusual happened. Mrs. Pynchum went to the village to a Christmas festival. She went before dark, and the spirits of everybody in the poor-house rose as soon as she was out of sight. Mr. Pynchum piled great logs upon the fire-place, till there was such a roaring fire as had not been seen there for many a long day; and he told Joe Golightly and Gobaly to go down cellar and bring up as many apples as they wanted to,

and he found the key of the closet where the bag of nuts was kept! And Sandy Gooding brought out some fine pop-corn that he had saved up; and Joe Golightly brought out his violin, which, though some of its strings were broken and its voice was a little cracked and wheezy, could yet cheer one up wonderfully with "Bonnie Dundee" and "The Campbells are Coming." Everybody was merry, — although there was no Christmas-tree, and nobody had a present except 'Thusely, who had a big red peppermint-drop that Gobaly bought him with a penny hoarded for six weeks — and it would have been a very pleasant evening if there had not been one great drawback. Mrs. Pynchum had a way of pouncing upon people when they least expected her. If a window rattled or a mouse stirred in the wall, a hush fell upon the mirth, and everybody shrank with dread. It would be so like Mrs. Pynchum to suspect that they were having a good time, and turn back to put a stop to it before she had fairly reached the festival!

Just as they had poured out a popperful of corn, — popped out so big and white that it would do you good to see it, — and Uncle Sim was clearing his throat to begin a story, there came a loud knock at the door. Everybody jumped. Mr. Pynchum and Sandy began to cram the apples into their pockets, and thrust the corn-popper into the closet, and Joe hid his violin under his coat-tails. It took them all fully two minutes to remember that Mrs. Pynchum never knocked.

Mr. Pynchum sat down again, and said, in a tone of surprise, as if he had not been in the least agitated:

"What is the matter with you all? Gobaly, open the door."

Gobaly opened the door, and who should be there but Squire Thorndike and the city doctor!

The moment 'Thusely saw Dr. Carruthers he called out "Santa Claus!" And the big doctor laughed, and took a great package of candy out of his pocket and gave it to 'Thusely.

After that it was of no use for Gobaly to whisper, "The dog gentleman!" in 'Thusely's ear; he could n't think it was anybody but Santa Claus.

"I'm so glad you've come!" he said, confidentially. "And you look just like your picture. And I don't see why you never came before, for you don't seem proud. And we are n't such very bad boys; anyway, Gobaly is n't. Don't you believe what Mrs. Pynchum tells you! — *Will you?*"

The doctor laughed, and said he was getting to be an old fellow, and the snow was deep, and it was hard for him to get about; but he was sorry he had n't come before, for he thought they did

look like good boys. Then he asked Methuselah about his lameness and the pain in his side, and said he ought to be sent to a certain hospital in New York, where he might be cured. And then he asked if he had no relatives or friends.

"I've got Gobaly," said 'Thusely.

The doctor turned and looked sharply at Gobaly.

"Is *he* the reason why you would n't go with me?" he asked.

"He's such a little chap, and I'm all he's got," said Gobaly.

The doctor took out his handkerchief and said it was bad weather for colds.

"Suppose I take him, too?" said he.

This time the lump in his throat fairly got the better of Gobaly!

But 'Thusely clapped his hands for joy. He did n't understand what was to happen, only that Santa Claus was to take him somewhere with

Gobaly; and one thing that 'Thusely was sure of was that he wanted to go wherever Gobaly went. And he kept saying:

"I told you that Santa Claus sent the dog,—now, did n't I, Gobaly?"

Methuselah went to the hospital and was cured, and Gobaly—well, if I should tell you his name, you might say that you had heard of him as a famous surgeon-doctor. I think it is probable that he could now make a lame rooster or a kitten with a sprained ankle just as good as new, and I am sure he would n't be above trying; for he has a heart big enough to sympathize with any creature that suffers.

There is at least one person in the world who will agree with me, and that is a gentleman who was once a miserable little cripple in a poor-house, and was called Methuselah.

THE VELOCIPEDE EXPRESS.



ALL aboard for Timbuctoo!
Bert and Victor, Kate and Lou.
Not a "stop" on all the way;—
There and back by light of day!
Ned, the daring engineer,
Brave and strong, scorns every fear.

Don't you hear the whistle blow?
That's to scare the cows, you know.
All aboard for Timbuctoo,
Bert and Victor, Kate and Lou.

LITTLE KINÈ.

BY M. C. GRIFFIS.



THE home of Little Kinè is just outside of the great wall and moat of the castle of Yedo, in Japan. Kinè is a little girl about eleven years of age, timid and shy, but very amiable and lovely, as nearly all Japanese girls are. Just now she is busy with her books, getting an education, both in her own language and in English.

Kinè is the daughter of an officer of the Government. She is the first-born of his family and the pride of his heart. When she made her appearance as the little baby, there was as much rejoicing in that Japanese home as in any home in America when a little stranger appears. What a little beauty she was, with her shining black eyes! Her old grandma came hundreds of miles from the southern province of Sanuki to Yedo to see her little granddaughter, and to be present when she was named on the seventh day after her birth.

Then grandmamma must also be there to accompany the father and mother when the baby was one hundred days old, and was carried to the temple. Her first dress, and the prayer-bag that all Japanese children wear until they are seven or eight years old, were presented by the grandmamma.

This dress was not of fine cambric and embroidery, like those which American babies wear, but was of soft silk, lined with silk wadding, and made like a loose wrapper or dressing-gown with long square sleeves. Around the baby's neck was a bib of blue or pink cotton. Kinè had but few little garments for a baby. A very simple wardrobe suffices for Japanese children. She had no tiny woolen socks, for she needed none. The Japanese baby's feet are always bare. There were no under-garments of

fine linen or soft wool, only the wadded dress, like a wrapper. So when Kinè was one hundred days old she was carried to the temple, just as some American parents take their little children to the church to have them christened, though Kinè's parents do not know or worship the true God. The priest wrote a prayer on a piece of paper and put it into the prayer-bag, which was small



"HER PET MONKEY WAS FASTENED BY A CHAIN TO A POST"

and made of red crape, embroidered in white flowers and drawn together by silk cords. This bag containing the prayer was the "guard from evil," and it is devoutly believed by all Japanese to have the power of keeping children

By Birch

from evil spirits, from delusion by foxes,—for the people think that foxes can cheat or enchant people,—and from all dangers. This little red bag was attached to the girdle behind. After bestowing a gift in money upon the priest, the parents and relatives returned home with the little girl and held a great feast in her honor. Kinè was carefully nursed, and carried on the back of a faithful servant, who fastened her there by a long string or bandage drawn around the waist and legs of the child, and crossed over the neck and shoulders of the maid. Her little head and bright eyes would bob on every side as her nurse walked or ran, and here she would go soundly asleep, or play as any baby would. She was never carried in any person's arms. Japanese babies seldom are. When Kinè's aunts or cousins wished to coax her away from her nurse or mother, they would hold their backs invitingly and she would

little sandals made of straw were put on her feet. These were fastened on by putting the great toe through a loop. When she was a year old her hair, which had been shaved, was allowed to grow a little and then tied on the top in a very funny fashion. Every year it was worn differently.

At six years of age, Kinè's education was to begin. First, she must go to writing-school, where, with other children, she sat down on the floor, and with a brush made of camel's hair, instead of a pen, and ink, made by rubbing a thick cake of India ink with a little water on a stone, she took her first lessons. A square piece of paper was laid on the floor in front of her, and holding the brush perfectly straight between her thumb and first fingers, she made the characters, which are just like those Chinese letters we see on the tea-boxes and in tea-stores.

Besides reading and writing, Kinè learned to



"FIRST, SHE MUST GO TO WRITING-SCHOOL."

put out her little arms and go to one or another as she chose. Claspng tightly the neck of the favored one, and held there by the feet or legs, she would be as happy as if cuddled up in the arms. As the baby grew and began to walk,

play on the *samisen*. This is an instrument something like the guitar, but with only three strings. Every day the teacher would come to Kinè's house, to instruct her and several little cousins of her own age in singing and playing on this instru-



"WHEN THE MUSIC LESSONS WERE OVER, DANCING WAS LEARNED."

ment. Although to Japanese ears no music is sweeter, to a foreigner it is very harsh. When the music lessons were over, dancing was learned. Kinè liked these lessons very much. Japanese dancing is very different from anything we see in our country. There is no skipping or jumping or taking steps. The dancer moves the arms and body slowly and gently, as in a pantomime. Each dance acts out some story or history. Sometimes the performers wear a mask or imitate the dog or fox or some other animal. They change their

dress to suit the characters, and the dances are often accompanied with verses or recitations.

Until she was ten years of age, Kinè learned writing and reading, dancing and guitar-playing. When out of school she would spend long hours playing in the garden; watching the crows as they came down familiarly to her side, and ventured sometimes to snatch a bite of her rice-cake; or watching the wild birds going to roost on the pine-trees, that grew on the bank of the castle wall, or the snow-white stately heron standing motionless

in the water. Sometimes she fed the white swans that swam in the great moat outside the high wall, or the gold and silver fish that darted so swiftly

floor near by is a small dressing-stand or box, also containing three small drawers. Her round mirror is made of polished silver, and stands on a



"ACCOMPANIED BY HER SERVANT, KINÈ STARTS FOR SCHOOL."

around the pond in the garden. Sometimes Kinè would get the servant to pull a lotus flower, as it looked to her like a great white star on the water, and then she would take off the large waxen petals and get the green calyx. From this she would pick out a small seed, or nut, which she loved to eat raw, or roast in the fire, thinking it was much better than chestnuts. Then she had her pet rabbits, and her little kitten with a tail only an inch long, and her *chin* or spaniel dog with great round eyes and a pug nose, and there was her pet monkey, which was fastened by a chain to a post. Then she had her flowers and dwarf pine-trees, no higher than little rose-bushes; so that Kinè had enough to amuse and interest her in her Japanese home.

At ten years of age Kinè began to go regularly to school, to have books, and to learn to read in her own and a foreign tongue. She has her own room now; and here we see her in a bright, pleasant apartment, inclosed on three sides by latticed sliding doors, covered with white paper. The only piece of furniture is a bureau of dark lacquered wood containing three deep drawers, and having outside doors adorned with the family coat-of-arms; in this she keeps her clothing. On the

raised piece above. In these drawers we find everything which a Japanese girl needs for her toilet — white powder, hair-pins, which are very long, and handsomely ornamented, rouge or green paint, grease, small pieces of crape, silk, gold or silver cord, etc. When Kinè gets up in the morning, she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. Just now she wears it drawn to the top of her head and formed into two large rings, which are kept in place by being made over stiff black muslin. The front hair hangs down the sides of her face in two locks, and just over her forehead it is cut short and combed down, much after the fashion of the "bangs" of our little American girls. So Kinè has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping-dress, she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape, or silk, tied around the waist. No other under-clothing is worn.

In making her toilet for the day, she first puts

on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright-colored crape or silk. A long, straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder, a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fullness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk, and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, Kinè, barefooted, or if in cool weather, in white mitten-socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), goes out to say "Ohaio," or good-morning, to her father and mother. They all enjoy their breakfast together, sitting on the floor around

small tables. Then Kinè gets her books, ties them up in a large square piece of silk crape, takes her umbrella, which is made of oiled paper, steps out of the door on her high wooden clogs, slipping her toe into the loop by which she holds them on her feet, and making a low bow to her parents, starts for school, accompanied by her servant carrying her books. She jogs along, for her walk can not be called by any other name. The girdle is so tight around the hips that all freedom is prevented, and the high wooden shoes make the gait of a Japanese girl or woman exceedingly awkward. The clattering of these clogs over stones or wooden bridges, when many Japanese girls walk together, is very peculiar and disagreeable. Arrived at school, Kinè leaves her shoes outside the door and steps into the room, her feet in these soft white socks, moving silently over the clean matted floor. In the school-room she spends three hours with the Japanese teachers and three with her English teacher. She still studies the Chinese characters, and in her native tongue recites lessons in history and geography. This is not done in a quiet, ordinary tone, but shouted out at the top of her voice in a sing-song way that sounds very funny to foreign ears. When the Japanese lessons are over, she spends three hours in learning to read in English and translate what she reads into Japanese. She learns arithmetic in foreign style, which is totally different from the old system of her native land.



WHAT WAKES THE FLOWERS?

BY CELIA THAXTER.

At the window broad, upstairs in the hall,
Kate, Robert, Eve, Bessie, and Margery small,
Were curled in the cushioned seat together,
Gazing out on the wintry weather.

The sunset flamed in the western sky,
The slender white moon glittered high;
They looked on the garden beds below
Wrapped in silence and heaped with snow.

Said Margery small, "It is dark and cold
Where the little seeds wait in the heavy mold:
How do they know when 't is time to peep?
Have they a calendar hidden deep?"

"O no," said Kate, "O, not at all!
I'm sure they wake to the bluebird's call;
He comes so early and sings so clear,
His lovely piping they needs must hear."

Said Bessie, "I think it's the wind of the south
That comes as soft as a kiss on your mouth,
And breathes and blows and whispers above,
'Come up, pretty blossoms, here's some one you love.'"

Said Eve, "It must be the warm, light rain,
They hear it tapping again and again,
Till it reaches a crystal finger down
To touch them under the earth so brown."

"Why, girls," cried Rob, "It's the sun, you know,
Master of all things above and below.
He strikes the earth with his blazing lance,
And the whole world stirs at his splendid glance."

Mamma came gently the curtains through.
"Mamma, mamma, we will leave it to you!
What wakes the flowers when spring is near?
Sun? Wind? Rain? Which of them, mother, dear?"

She smiled as she glided close and stood,
Her fair arms folded about her brood;
"It is the sun, now, is n't it? Say?"
And Rob turned upward his face so gay.

"Yes, darlings, the sun, the wind, and the rain
Summon the flowers to bloom again;
Yet sun and earth would be deaf and blind,
But for the mightier Power behind.

"The Power that holds the stars in place
Knows every flower's delightful face,
Gives each its needs with thought sublime,
Bids sun, wind, rain, call each in time.

"He has appointed to every one,
Its quiet, innocent race to run.
And if trees and flowers God's laws obey,
We can be dutiful as they."

They clasped and kissed her, and drew her within
To the nursery fire with joyous din,
But the small seeds under the snow so deep
They heard not a sound, they were fast asleep.



A REVERY IN GRANDMAMMA'S GARRET.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

CHAPTER XII.

A WHALE IN A WAISTCOAT.

DAVY rushed up to the clock, and pulling open the little door in the front of it, looked inside. To his great disappointment, the Goblin had again disappeared, and there was a smooth round hole running down into the sand, as though he had gone directly through the beach. He was listening at this hole in the hope of hearing from the Goblin, when a voice said, "I suppose that's what they call going into the interior of the country," and looking up, he saw the Hole-keeper sitting on

a little mound in the sand, with his great book in his lap.

His complexion had quite lost its beautiful transparency, and his jaunty little paper tunic was sadly rumpled, and, moreover, he had lost his cocked hat. All this, however, had not at all disturbed his complacent conceit; he was, if anything, more pompous than ever.

"How did *you* get here?" asked Davy in astonishment.

"I'm banished," said the Hole-keeper cheerfully. "That's better than being boiled, any day. Did you give Robinson my letter?"

"Yes, I did," said Davy, as they walked along

the beach together; "but I got it very wet coming here."

"That was quite right," said the Hole-keeper.

course, he'll know I'm coming. It strikes me the sun is very hot here," he added faintly.

The sun certainly was very hot, and Davy,



"THE COCKALORUM CAREFULLY INSPECTED THE MARKING."

"There's nothing so tiresome as a dry letter. Well, I suppose Robinson is expecting me, by this time,—isn't he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Davy. "He did n't say that he was expecting you."

looking at the Hole-keeper as he said this, saw that his face was gradually and very curiously losing its expression, and that his nose had almost entirely disappeared.

"What's the matter?" inquired Davy, anxiously.



"'I'M PRETTY WELL, I THANK YOU,' SAID DAVY."

"He *must* be," said the Hole-keeper, positively. "I never even mentioned it in my letter—so, of

"The matter is that I'm going back into the raw material," said the Hole-keeper, dropping his

book and sitting down helplessly in the sand. "See here, Frinkles," he continued, beginning to speak very thickly. "Wrap me up in my shirt and mark the packish distingly. Take off shir quigly!" and Davy had just time to pull the poor creature's shirt over his head and spread it quickly on the beach, when the Hole-keeper fell down, rolled over upon the garment, and bubbling once or twice, as if he were boiling, melted away into a compact lump of brown sugar.

Davy was deeply affected by this sad incident, and though he had never really liked the Hole-keeper, he could hardly keep back his tears as he wrapped up the lump in the paper shirt and laid it carefully on the big book. In fact, he was so disturbed in his mind that he was on the point of going away without marking the package, when, looking over his shoulder, he suddenly caught

package in his very best manner. The Cockalorum, with his head turned critically on one side, carefully inspected the marking, and then, after earnestly gazing for a moment at the inkstand, gravely drank the rest of the ink and offered the empty inkstand to Davy.

"I don't want it, thank you," said Davy, stepping back.

"No more do I," murmured the Cockalorum, and tossing the inkstand into the sea, flew away in his usual clumsy fashion.

Davy, after a last mournful look at the package of brown sugar, turned away, and was setting off along the beach again, when he heard a gurgling sound coming from behind a great hummock of sand, and peeping cautiously around one end of it, he was startled at seeing an enormous Whale on the beach lazily basking in the sun. The creature was



"I'M AS NIMBLE AS A SIXPENCE," SAID THE WHALE."

sight of the Cockalorum standing close beside him, carefully holding an inkstand, with a pen in it, in one of his claws.

"Oh! thank you very much," said Davy taking the pen and dipping it in the ink. "And will you please tell me his name?"

The Cockalorum, who still had his head done up in flannel and was looking rather ill, paused for a moment to reflect, and then murmured, "Mark him 'Confectionery.'"

This struck Davy as being a very happy idea, and he accordingly printed "CONFEXIONRY" on the

dressed in a huge white garment buttoned up in front, with a bunch of live seals flopping at one of the button-holes and a great chain cable leading from them to a pocket at one side. Before Davy could retreat, the Whale caught sight of him and called out in a tremendous voice, "How d'ye do, Bub?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," said Davy, with his usual politeness to man and beast. "How are you, sir?"

"Hearty!" thundered the Whale; "never felt better in all my life. But it's rather warm lying here in the sun."

"Why don't you take off your ——," here Davy stopped, not knowing exactly what it was the Whale had on.

shore by the gale. Suddenly, to Davy's astonishment, a dog came sailing along. He was being helplessly blown about among the lobsters, un-



DAVY ASSISTS THE OLD SEA-DOG.

"Waistcoat," said the Whale, condescendingly. "It's a canvas-back-duck waistcoat. The front of it is made of wild duck, you see, and the back of it out of the foretop-sail of a brig."

"Is it nice, being a Whale?" inquired Davy curiously.

"Famous!" said the Whale, with an affable roar.

"Great fun, I assure you! We have fish-balls every night, you know."

"Fish-balls at night!" exclaimed Davy. "Why, we always have ours for breakfast."

"Nonsense!" thundered the Whale, with a laugh that made the beach quake; "I don't mean anything to eat. I mean dancing parties."

"And do *you* dance?" said Davy, thinking that if he did, it must be a very extraordinary performance.

"Dance?" said the Whale with a reverberating chuckle. "Bless you! I'm as nimble as a sixpence. By the way, I'll show you the advantage of having a bit of whalebone in one's composition," and with these words the Whale curled himself up, then flattened out suddenly with a tremendous flop, and shooting through the air like a flying elephant, disappeared with a great splash in the sea.

Davy stood anxiously watching the spot where he went down, in the hope that he would come up again; but instead of this, the waves began tossing angrily, and a roaring sound came from over the sea, as though a storm were coming up. Then a cloud of spray was dashed into his face, and presently the air was filled with lobsters, eels, and wriggling fishes that were being carried in-

easily jerking his tail from side to side to keep it out of reach of their great claws, and giving short, nervous barks from time to time, as though he were firing signal-guns of distress. In fact, he seemed to be having such a hard time of it that Davy caught him by the ear as he was going by, and landed him in safety on the beach. He proved to be a very shaggy, battered-looking animal with a weather-beaten tarpaulin hat jammed on the side of his head, and a patch over one eye; and as he had on an old pilot coat, Davy thought he must be an old sea-dog, and so, indeed, he proved to be. He stared doubtfully at Davy for a moment, and then said in a husky voice:

"What's *your* name?" as if he had just mentioned his own.

"Davy,——" began the little boy, but before he could say another word, the old sea-dog growled:

"Right you are!" and handing him a folded paper, trotted gravely away, swaggering as he went, like a sea-faring man.

The paper was addressed to "*Davy Jones*," and was headed inside "*Binnacle Bob: His worses*," and below these words Davy found the following story:

*"To inactivity inclined
Was Captain Parker Pitch's mind;
In point of fact, 't was fitted for
An easy-going life ashore.*

*"His disposition, so to speak,
Was nautically soft and weak;
He feared the rolling ocean, and
He very much preferred the land.*

"A stronger-minded man by far
Was gallant Captain Thompson Tar
And (what was very wrong, I think,)
He marked himself with India ink.

"He boldly sailed, 'The Soaking Sue'
When angry gales and tempests blew,
And even from the nor-nor-east
He did n't mind 'em in the least.

"Now, Captain Parker Pitch's sloop
Was called 'The Cozy Chickencoop'—
A truly comfortable craft
With ample state-rooms fore and aft.

"No foolish customs of the deep,
Like 'watches,' robbed his crew of sleep;
That estimable lot of men
Were all in bed at half-past ten.

"At seven bells, one stormy day,
Bold Captain Tar came by that way,
And in a voice extremely coarse
He roared 'Ahoy!' till he was hoarse.

"Next morning of his own accord
This able seaman came aboard,
And made the following remark
Concerning Captain Pitch's bark:

"'Avast!' says he, 'Belay! What cheer!
How comes this little wessel here?
Come, tumble up your crew,' says he,
'And navigate a bit with me!'

"Says Captain Pitch, 'I can't refuse
To join you on a friendly cruise;
But you'll oblige me, Captain Tar,
By not a-taking of me far.'

"At this reply from Captain Pitch,
Bold Thompson gave himself a hitch;
It cut him to the heart to find
A seaman in this frame of mind.

"'Avast!' says he; 'We'll bear away
For Madagascar and Bombay,
Then down the coast to Yucatan,
Kamtschatka, Guinea, and Japan.

"Stand off for Egypt, Turkey, Spain,
Australia, and the Spanish Main,
Then through the nor-west passage for
Van Dieman's Land and Labrador.'

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"Says Captain Pitch: 'The ocean swell
Makes me exceedingly unwell,
And, Captain Tar, before we start,
Pray join me in a friendly tart.'

"And shall I go and take and hide
The sneaking trick that Parker tried?
Oh! no. I very much prefer
To state his actions as they were:

"With marmalade he first began
To tempt that bluff sea-faring man,
Then fed him all the afternoon
With custard in a table-spoon.

"No mariner, however tough,
Can thrive upon this kind of stuff;
And Thompson soon appeared to be
A feeble-minded child of three.



"He cried for cakes and lollipops—
He played with dolls and humming tops—
He even ceased to roar 'I'm blown!'
And shook a rattle, laughed, and crowed.

*"When Parker saw the seamen gaze
Upon the Captain's cunning ways,
Base envy thrilled him through and through
And he became a child of two.*

*"Now, Thompson had in his employ
A mate, two seamen, and a boy;
The mate was fond as he could be
Of babies, and he says, says he,*

*"Why, messmates, as we're all agreed
Sea-bathing is the thing they need;
Let's drop these infants off the quarter!"
—(They did, in fourteen fathom water)."*

Just as Davy finished these verses, he discovered to his alarm that he was sinking into the beach as though the sand were running down through an hour-glass, and before he could make any effort to save himself, he had gone completely through and found himself lying flat on his back with tall grass waving about him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

WHEN Davy sat up and looked around him, he found himself in a beautiful meadow with the sun shining brightly on the grass and the wild-flowers. The air was filled with dainty colored insects darting about in the warm sunshine, and chirping cheerily as they flew, and at a little distance the Goblin was sitting on the grass attentively examining a great, struggling creature that he was holding down by its wings.

"I suppose,"—said the Goblin, as if Davy's sudden appearance was the most ordinary thing in the world,—"I suppose that this is about the funniest bug that flies."

"What is it?" said Davy, cautiously edging away.

"It's a cricket-bat," said the Goblin, rapping familiarly with his knuckles on its hard shell. "His body is like a boot-jack, and his wings are like a pair of umbrellas."

"But, you know, a cricket-bat is something to play with!" said Davy, surprised at the Goblin's ignorance.

"Well, you may play with it if you like. I don't want to!" said the Goblin, carelessly tossing the great creature over to Davy, and walking away.

The cricket-bat made a swoop at Davy, knocking him over like a feather, and then with a loud snort, flew away across the meadow. It dashed here and there at flying things of every kind, and turning on its side, knocked them, one after another, quite out of sight, and finally, to Davy's great relief, disappeared in a distant wood.

"Come on! come on!" cried a voice; and Davy, looking across the meadow, saw the Goblin beckoning vigorously to him, apparently in great excitement.

"What's the matter?" cried Davy, pushing his way through the thick grass.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" shrieked the Goblin, who was almost bursting with laughter. "Here 's that literary hack again!"

Davy peered through a clump of bushes and discovered a large red animal with white spots on its sides, clumsily rummaging about in the tall grass and weeds. Its appearance was so formidable that he was just about whispering to the Goblin, "Let's run!" when the monster raised its head and, after gazing about for an instant, gave a loud, triumphant whistle.

"Why, it's Ribsy!" cried Davy, running forward. "It's Ribsy, only he's grown enormously fat."

It was Ribsy, indeed, eating with all his might. The name on his side was twisted about beyond all hope of making it out, and his collar had quite disappeared in a deep crease about his neck. In fact, his whole appearance was so alarming that Davy anxiously inquired of him what he had been eating.

"Everything!" said Ribsy enthusiastically. "Grass, nuts, bugs, birds, and berries! All of 'em taste good. I could eat both of you, easily," he added, glaring hungrily down upon Davy and the Goblin.

"Try that fellow first," said the Goblin, pointing to a large round insect that went flying by, humming like a top. Ribsy snapped at it and swallowed it, and the next instant disappeared with a tremendous explosion in a great cloud of smoke.

"What was that?" said Davy, in a terrified whisper.

"A Hum Bug," said the Goblin calmly. "When a cab-horse on a vacation, talks about eating you, a Hum Bug is a pretty good thing to take the conceit out of him. They're loaded, you see, and they go booming along as innocently as you please, but if you touch 'em—why, 'there you are n't!' as the Hole-keeper says."

"The Hole-keeper says he's n't himself any more," said Davy mournfully.

"Not altogether himself, but somewhat," said a voice; and Davy, looking around, was astonished to find the Hole-keeper standing beside him. He was a most extraordinary-looking object, being nothing but Davy's parcel marked, "CONFEXIONRY," with arms and legs and a head to it. At the sight of him the Goblin fell flat on his back, and covered his face with his hands.

"I'm quite aware that my appearance is not

prepossessing," said the Hole-keeper, with a scornful look at the Goblin. "In fact, I'm nothing but a quarter of a pound of '*plain*,' and the price is n't worth mentioning."

"But how did you ever come to be alive again, at all," said Davy.

"Well," said the Hole-keeper, "the truth of the matter is that after you went away, the Cockalorum fell to reading the *Vacuum*; and if you'll believe it, there was n't a word in it about my going back into the raw material."

"I *do* believe that," said Davy; but the Hole-keeper, without noticing the interruption, went on:

"Then, of course, I got up and came away. Meanwhile, the Cockalorum is filling himself with information."

"I don't think he'll find much in your book," said Davy, laughing.

"Ah! but just think of the lots and lots of things he *wont* find," exclaimed the Hole-keeper. "Everything he does n't find in it is something worth knowing. By the way, your friend seems to be having some sort of a fit. Give him some dubbygrums," and with this, the Hole-keeper stalked pompously away.

"The smell of sugar always gives me the crawl-crawls," said the Goblin, in a stifled voice, rolling on the ground, and keeping his hands over his face. "Get me some water."

"I have n't anything to get it in," said Davy, helplessly.

"There's a buttercup behind you," groaned the Goblin, and Davy, turning, saw a buttercup growing on a stem almost as tall as he was himself. He picked it, and hurried away across the meadow

to look for water, the buttercup, meanwhile, growing in his hand in a surprising manner, until it became a full-sized tea-cup, with a handle conveniently growing on one side. Davy, however, had become so accustomed to this sort of thing that he would not have been greatly surprised if a saucer had also made its appearance.

Presently he came upon a sparkling little spring,



DAVY FALLS INTO THE ELASTIC SPRING. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

gently bubbling up in a marshy place with high sedgy grass growing about it, and being a very neat little boy, he took off his shoes and stockings and carefully picked his way over the oozy ground to the edge of the spring itself. He was just bending over to dip the cup into the spring, when the

ground under his feet began trembling like jelly, and then, giving itself a convulsive shake, threw him head-foremost into the water.

For a moment Davy had a very curious sensation as though his head and his arms and his legs were all trying to get inside of his jacket, and then he came sputtering to the top of the water and scrambled ashore. To his astonishment he saw that the spring had spread itself out into a little lake, and



"FRECKLES," SAID THE GOBLIN, "WHAT TIME IS IT?"

that the sedge-grass had grown to an enormous height and was waving far above his head. Then he was startled by a tremendous roar of laughter, and looking around, he saw the Goblin, who was now apparently at least twenty feet high, standing beside the spring.

"Oh, my!" cried the Goblin, in an uncontrollable fit of merriment. "Another minute and you would n't have been bigger than a peanut!"

"What's the matter with me?" said Davy, not knowing what to make of it all.

"Matter?" cried the Goblin. "Why, your've been and gone and fallen into an Elastic Spring, that's all. If you'd got in at stretch tide, early in the morning, you'd have been a perfect giraffe, but you got in at shrink tide and—oh, my! oh, my!" and here he went off into another fit of laughter.

"I don't think it's anything to laugh at," cried Davy, with the tears starting to his eyes, "and I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Oh! don't worry" said the Goblin, good-naturedly. "I'll take a dip myself, just to be companionable, and to-morrow morning we can get back to any size you like."

"I wish you'd take these in with you" said Davy, pointing to his shoes and stockings. "They're big enough now for Badorful."

"All right!" cried the Goblin. "Here we go;" and taking the shoes and stockings in his hand he plunged into the spring, and a moment afterward scrambled out exactly Davy's size.

"Now, that's what I call a nice, tidy size," said the Goblin complacently, while Davy was squeezing his feet into his wet shoes.

"What do you say to a ride on a field-mouse?"

"That will be glorious!" said Davy.

"Well, there goes the sun," said the Goblin; "it will be moonlight presently," and as he spoke, the sun went down with a boom like a distant gun and left them in the dark. The next moment a beautiful moon rose above the trees and beamed down pleasantly upon them, and the Goblin, taking Davy by the hand, led him into the wood.

"Freckles," said the Goblin, "what time is it?"

They were now in the densest part of the wood, where the moon was shining

brightly on a little pool with rushes growing about it, and the Goblin was speaking to a large toad.

"Forty croaks," said the Toad, in a husky whisper; and then, as a frog croaked in the pool, he added: "That makes it forty-one. The Snoopers have come in, and Thimbletoes is shaking in his boots." And with these words the Toad coughed, and then hopped heavily away.

"What does he mean?" whispered Davy.

"He means that the Fairies are here, and *that* means that we won't get our ride," said the Goblin, rather sulkily.

"And who is Thimbletoes?" said Davy.

"He's the Prime Minister," said the Goblin. "You see, if any one of the Snoopers finds out something the Queen did n't know before, out goes the Prime Minister, and the Snooper pops into his boots. Thimbletoes does n't fancy that, you know, because the Prime Minister has all the honey he wants, by way of a salary. Now, here's the mouse-stable, and don't you speak a word, mind!"

As the Goblin said this, they came upon a little thatched building, about the size of a baby-house,

standing just beyond the pool; and the Goblin, cautiously pushing open the door, stole noiselessly in, with Davy following at his heels, trembling with excitement.

The little building was curiously lighted up by a vast number of fire-flies, hung from the ceiling by loops of cobweb; and Davy could see several spiders hurrying about among them and stirring them up when the light grew dim. The field-mice were stabled in little stalls on either side, each one with his tail neatly tied in a bow-knot to a ring at one side; and at the farther end of the stable was a buzzing throng of fairies, with their shining clothes and gauzy wings sparkling beautifully in the soft light. Just beyond them Davy saw the Queen sitting on a raised throne, with a little mullen-stalk for a scepter, and beside her was the Prime Minister, in a terrible state of agitation.

"Now, here 's this Bandybug," the Prime Minister was saying. "What does *he* know about untying the knots in a cord of wood?"

"Nothing!" said the Queen, positively. "Absolutely nothing."

"And then," continued the Prime Minister, "the idea of his presuming to tell your Gossamer Majesty that he can hear the bark of the dogwood trees——"

"Bosh!" cried the Queen. "Paint him with raspberry jam and put him to bed in a bee-hive. That 'll make him smart, at all events."

Here the Prime Minister began dancing about in an ecstasy, until the Queen knocked him over with the mullen-stalk, and shouted, "Silence! and plenty of it, too. Bring in Berrylegs."

Berrylegs, who proved to be a wiry little fairy, with a silver coat and tight, cherry-colored trousers, was immediately brought in. His little wings fairly bristled with defiance, and his manner, as he stood before the Queen, was so impudent that Davy felt morally certain there was going to be a scene.

"May it please your Transparent Highness——" began Berrylegs.

"Skip all that!" interrupted the Queen, flourishing her mullen-stalk.

"Skip, yourself!" said Berrylegs, boldly, in reply. "Don't you suppose I know how to talk to a queen!"

The Queen turned very pale, and after a hurried consultation with the Prime Minister, said, faintly, "Have it your own way," and Berrylegs began again.

"May it please your Transparent Highness, I've found out how the needles get into the haystacks."

As Berrylegs said this, a terrible commotion arose at once among the Fairies. The Prime Minister cried out, "Oh, come, I say! That's not fair, you know," and the Queen became so agitated that she began taking great bites off the end of the mullen-stalk in a dazed sort of way; and Davy noticed that the Goblin, in his excite-



"DAVY FELT MORALLY CERTAIN THERE WAS GOING TO BE A SCENE."

ment, was trying to climb up on one of the mouse-stalls so as to get a better view of what was going on. At last the Queen, whose mouth was now quite filled with bits of the mullen-stalk, mumbled, "Get to the point."

"It ought to be a sharp one, being about needles," said the Prime Minister, attempting a joke with a feeble laugh, but no one paid the slightest

attention to him; and Berrylegs, who was now positively swelling with importance, called out in a loud voice: "It comes from using sewing-machines when they sow the hay-seed!"

The Prime Minister gave a shriek and fell flat on his face, and the Queen began jumping frantically up and down and beating about on all sides of her with the end of the mullen-stalk, when suddenly a large cat walked into the stable and the Fairies fled in all directions. There was no mistaking the cat, and Davy, forgetting entirely the Goblin's caution, exclaimed, "Why! it's Solomon!"

The next instant the lights disappeared, and Davy found himself in total darkness, with Solomon's eyes shining at him like two balls of fire. There was a confused sound of sobs and cries and the squeaking of mice, among which could be heard the Goblin's voice crying, "Davy! Davy!" in a reproachful way; then the eyes disappeared, and a moment afterward the stable was lifted off the ground and violently shaken.

"That's Solomon, trying to get at the mice," thought Davy. "I wish the old thing had staid away!" he added aloud, and as he said this the little stable was broken all to bits, and he found himself sitting on the ground in the forest.

The moon had disappeared, and snow was falling rapidly, and the sound of distant chimes reminded Davy that it must be past midnight, and that Christmas-day had come. Solomon's eyes were shining in the darkness like a pair of coach-lamps, and as Davy sat looking at them, a ruddy light began to glow between them, and presently the figure of the Goblin appeared dressed in scarlet, as when he had first come. The reddish light was shining through his stomach again, as though the coals had been fanned into life once more, and as Davy gazed at him it grew brighter and stronger, and finally burst into a blaze. Then Solomon's eyes gradually took the form of great brass balls, and presently the figure of the long-lost Colonel came into view just above them, affectionately hugging his clock. He was gazing mournfully down upon the poor Goblin, who was now blazing like a dry chip, and as the light of the fire grew brighter and stronger, the trees about slowly took the shape of an old-fashioned fire-place with a high mantel-shelf above it, and then Davy found himself curled up in the big easy-chair, with his dear old grandmother bending over him, and saying, gently, "Davy! Davy! Come and have some dinner, my dear."

In fact, the Believing Voyage was ended.

THE END.



LIESEL.

BY MRS. JULIA SCHAYER.

IF you had been in a certain little German village one summer morning many years ago, and had strolled along by the hedge which separated old Brigitta's garden from the high-road, you would surely have thought that a dozen linnets and finches were sitting on the same bough, all singing together on a wager. But it was only Liesel, Brigitta's grandchild, on her way from the castle, where she had been to get the soup which, by the gracious countess's orders, was made every day in the great kitchen for the poor, bedridden old woman.

Looking at her as she tripped along in her red dress, blue apron and white kerchief, it was no wonder that the poor people were strengthened in their belief that the child born on a Sunday, as Liesel was, is under Heaven's special care.

True, she had been an orphan since her babyhood, and poor indeed, so far as worldly riches go; but, for a lovely face, a sweet voice, a wise little head, and a happy disposition, Liesel's match would have been hard to find. The whole village was fond of Liesel, and as she passed, singing on her way, every one had a smile and a "*Grüß Gott!*" ("God bless you!") for the sweet child. The grimy blacksmith stopped hammering to gaze after her, and the red-headed baker's boy dropped two or three of the loaves he was carrying, in his eagerness to catch her eyes. Even the grandmother's wrinkled face brightened as Liesel entered the small, dim room like a burst of sunshine, and she ate the good soup Liesel had brought with a relish,—grumbling, however, from force of habit, at every mouthful.

"Oh, my poor back! If only I might have a sup of wine now and then to strengthen me! Oh, if my good son had lived!" and so on and on in one weary strain.

"Have patience, Granny!" Liesel said, smiling mysteriously as she patted the wrinkled cheek. "The wine may come yet. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed?" snapped the poor creature. "Where should it come from? Tell me that? You have found the golden goose, perhaps!"

Liesel smiled still more mysteriously. "Was n't I born on a Sunday?" she said, with a gay little laugh.

"Small luck it has brought you so far!" muttered old Brigitta, not to be coaxed out of her determination to be uncomfortable.

"The luck will come *some* time, dear Granny!" declared Liesel, bustling about her morning tasks

with unusual haste. The old woman eyed her sharply a moment, but said nothing, and fell asleep at last, in spite of herself. Then Liesel, who had made everything cozy and neat, laid the old leather-bound Bible, horn-bowed spectacles, and coarse knitting-work on a stool by the bedside, and taking a little covered basket from a peg, left the cottage.

Before the door a few geese were paddling in a dirty pool; but at sight of Liesel they set up a loud gobbling, and leaving the puddle, waddled on before her to the goose-common outside the village. Just above the edge of a rock in the middle of the field, a queer-looking object, resembling a bunch of sere grass, could be seen moving about. With a hearty cry of "Hey, Dick-Kopf!" Liesel ran toward the rock; when the strange object rose a few inches higher, revealing the fact that it was the head of a boy—a broad-faced, good-natured-looking boy, dressed in wide yellow trousers drawn very high over a coarse linen shirt, and kept in place by horn buttons of prodigious size. He greeted Liesel with a wide smile of satisfaction.

"Dick-Kopf!" cried the little girl, quite out of breath, "only listen! There is to be a grand dinner at the castle to-day; and Christine, the cook, who is so kind to me always, has begged me to bring her mushrooms, for she has not enough, and was going on—I tell you—at a great rate. Quite in a French rage, I suppose it was. Well, listen, I tell you!" she repeated, quite needlessly, as Dick-Kopf was open-mouthed with eager attention, "she has promised me money—*money!* Do you hear, boy? And if you will look after my geese until I return, I will give you a penny—perhaps more!" she added, with the air of a great banker.

Dick-Kopf, whose real name, by the way, was Wilhelm, scratched his ear and regarded her with an injured air.

"Go, *mädchen!* Go, of course," he said, reproachfully. "I don't want your money."

"Stupid boy!" cried Liesel, giving him a playful slap. "We shall see about that. Good-bye, then!" and away she ran, and was soon lost to Dick-Kopf's sight in the fir wood beyond the common. It seemed ages to the patient, waiting boy, before Liesel's pretty figure again appeared, although it was, in fact, but two hours. She came running toward him, quite rosy and breathless with fatigue and excitement, her blue apron

gathered tightly in one hand, and bulging out in a way which made Dick-Kopf smile even more expansively than usual.

"Ah!" he cried, springing to his feet, and fixing his small eyes upon the apron as if they would bore holes in it, "what have you there?"

"That is for you to guess," said Liesel, with an important air.

"*Semmeln!*" ("wheaten rolls!") ventured the boy, after deep reflection.

"*Nun* (well, I must confess," said the girl, affecting great surprise, as she produced several of those tempting little wheaten rolls, "you are not so stupid as one might have imagined. What else?"

Dick-Kopf, apparently quite pleased with his doubtful compliment, glowed with anticipation.

"Apple cakes!" he cried.

"Nonsense!" Liesel said, loftily. "Apple cakes at this season! Try again."

"Poppy-seed cakes!"

"No."

"Almond cakes!" shouted the boy, quite beside himself.

"Why not?" Liesel said coolly, displaying a number of those delicate creations of the pastry-cook. "Come, let us sit here in the shade of the rock and eat. I am quite used up."

It is doubtful if the sun shone that day on a happier pair than those two, as they chatted and laughed over the goodies which so seldom interrupted their daily fare of black bread and cheese.

For some moments, although it was evident that Liesel was full of her adventures since leaving Dick-Kopf, there was less talking than eating; but at length, having reached a point where speech was possible, she shook the crumbs from her apron and began:

"You see," said Liesel, "I was a long time getting my basket filled; and though I took a short cut to the castle, I saw by the clock I was late, and I quite forgot myself and began running with all my might across the court, and, turning a corner,—what do you think? I ran plump against a gentleman!"

"No!" cried Dick-Kopf, aghast.

"As I live!" Liesel responded, with smothered laughter. "I thought for a moment I should die with fear. I dared not look up, but stood there curtsying as fast as I could, and then the gentleman cried out in such a big voice, '*Hundert-tausend-donner-wetter-noch-ein-mal!* What have we here?' 'If you please, gracious sir,' said I, all of a tremble, 'it's mushrooms for the cook.' And then, if you'll believe me, he began laughing, although I can't imagine why; and I looked up and saw that he was a very fine old gentleman, very

kind-looking and splendid, with a great jewel shining on his breast, and then——"

"*Nun!* And then?" said Dick-Kopf, as Liesel paused.

"Well, and then," she went on, laughing and blushing, "he said something about my eyes, and said he was sure I was the little maiden he had heard singing behind a hedge in the village, and asked me such a lot of queer questions!—until I thought of Christine and the mushrooms, and I began to be uneasy, not daring to run away, you know, and he must have guessed this, for he sent me off at last. When I came to the kitchen, things were in a great state, I can tell you! Christine was quite purple in the face, and was screaming at the maids and shaking her spoon at them enough to scare one, but nobody seemed to mind. And oh, the fine things I saw preparing for the dinner! Bettine took me to the housekeeper, who paid me for the mushrooms, and took me to the countess, who was having her hair dressed for dinner, and was covered with a great silken mantle. She was so sweet and kind! She asked after Grandmother, and ordered the housekeeper to give me a bottle of red wine for her. Only fancy! And then Christine gave me these nice things, and I ran home quick with the wine, and then hastened here. And that is all!"

Dick-Kopf, who had reached his last crumb of almond cake, became at this juncture quite melancholy.

"*Ach du lieber!*" ("O thou dear one!") he sighed, "and great people dine like that every day in the year, if they choose! Only think, Liesel! Five meals a day and nothing to do! What a beautiful way to live!"

Liesel burst into a laugh.

"*Pfui!* Greedy boy!" she cried. "One should not live merely to eat!"

"N—no, perhaps not," assented Dick-Kopf, but with hesitation. "Say, Liesel, would not you like to be a fine lady?"

"I a great lady? Nonsense!" laughed the little girl. "Every one to his own station, say I!" she added, with one of her wise looks. "I am not fit for such a life."

"Why not?" persisted Dick-Kopf. "You are far prettier than that proud little Adelberta up yonder at the castle!"

"The idea," cried Liesel, "of comparing me, a peasant child, with that fine little lady!"

"Pooh!" retorted the boy, "fine feathers do not make fine birds! One would think, to hear you, that those people were made of different flesh and blood from us. Why," went on the boy, with enthusiasm, "look at your hair like yellow silk, and your eyes and complexion——"

"Oh," interrupted Liesel, indifferently, "all the girls in the village have yellow hair and blue eyes. That is nothing to boast of, I'm sure."

She was always laughing at Dick-Kopf, and nothing pleased him better than to hear her laugh.

"Would n't you like to change places with *Fräulein* Adelberta, now, for instance," he said again, being a determined boy.

"Well," Liesel answered, more thoughtfully, "I should like to read her books, and learn to play on that splendid, great piano; but there are other things I should not like. I'm afraid I should not like to wear shoes and gloves all the time, and walk stiffly along, and never climb trees, nor sit on the grass, and I am afraid—I know—I should not like that governess! You should hear her scold, if the gracious *fräulein* stops to speak to any one. One day she stopped in the court-yard to show me a beautiful wax doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut; when up came *Fräulein* Longenbeck, and said in *such* a sharp voice, "Come, *gnädiges fräulein* (gracious lady), that is not proper!" And she took the doll from my hand."

"Proper, indeed!" remarked Dick-Kopf, disrespectfully. "But it would be different with a boy, you see! Ah, I should like to be the young count, with his toys, and pony, and donkey-wagon —"

"And Latin books," put in Liesel, laughing mischievously.

Dick-Kopf had to smile, too, at this.

"That *would* be hard, I confess," he said, "but if *I* am stupid, *you* are clever enough for anything, and every one says you were born for



LIESEL LEAVES DICK-KOPF IN CHARGE OF HER GESE.

"Bah!" cried Dick-Kopf, shaking his flaxen mane, "so have I,—but they are not like yours," he added, slyly; at which Liesel laughed again.

luck. Do you remember what the old gypsy at the fair told you?"

"About my becoming rich and great? Yes, I remember; but what person of sense believes in witches and fortune-tellers nowadays?" said Liesel.

"I do," declared Dick-Kopf, stoutly, "and I am a person of sense! At any rate I believe in that one; for did n't she tell me I was going to meet with great misfortunes soon, and did n't I lose my pocket-knife, which I had just bought, on my way home, and fall over a stone and bruise my knee, and get my ears soundly boxed for staying so long at the fair?"

Liesel laughed again.

"Yes," she said, "it is no wonder *you* believe in fortune-tellers after all that."

In this way the good comrades chatted away the afternoon, and when the sun was going down behind the hill, in such splendor that the windmill on its summit looked as if it were on fire, they called their geese together and drove them gayly homeward.

When Dick-Kopf went to bed that night, a bright three-penny piece fell from one of his pockets.

"*Ach!*" cried he, in great wonder, for not a word had been said on the subject, "how did she get that into my pocket without my knowing it. She is a smart child, that Liesel!"

PART II.

LIESEL went daily to the castle for the soup, and after her house-work was done, spent the rest of each long summer day on the goose-common with Dick-Kopf. Every day she had something new and interesting to tell him. She had met several times the kind old gentleman (who was no less a personage than the rich and eccentric Prince Poniatowsky himself); and each time he had stopped to talk with her, and had said so many droll things that, through much laughing, she had lost all fear, and they were now on quite friendly terms.

"You see," she explained to the awe-stricken Dick-Kopf, "he is not at all like the other great people."

"Has he *given* you anything?" asked that practical youth, on one occasion.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Liesel, coloring. "He sees that if I *am* a poor child I am no beggar!"

"You are a queer one," said Dick-Kopf, looking somewhat ashamed; "but I believe you are right."

The castle was full of visitors now; for a grand review was to take place in the neighborhood, at

which the king himself was to be present. Every day there were dinner-parties, hunting-parties, balls, and fêtes. Good Christine took care that her little favorite should have a peep at the elegantly spread tables and the ladies in full dress, and even allowed her to bring Dick-Kopf sometimes and stand at an open window of the grand drawing-room to listen to the music and watch the dancing. The children could hardly sleep for thinking of the things they saw and heard. Sometimes, as they sat tending their geese, the roll of wheels and clatter of hoofs would reach their ears, and they would run to the roadside to gaze at the carriages full of beautifully dressed ladies, and the splendid officers mounted on high-stepping horses and glittering with golden stars and crosses and embroidery.

"*Ach!*" cried Dick-Kopf, one day. "That is something for me! I will be a soldier, too, one of these days."

"Of course," said Liesel, "all young men must be soldiers in Germany."

"That is not what I mean, though. I will be a *great* soldier! An officer!" declared the boy. "I shall kill our enemies by hundreds and thousands! The king shall hear of me, and send for me to come to his palace, and with his own hand put the 'Iron Cross' on my breast!"

"That would be very grand, no doubt," assented Liesel, "only I would not *kill* the poor fellows. I would only frighten them very much, and make them prisoners."

"Nonsense!" cried Dick-Kopf, hotly. "That is a girl's notion! I tell you they must be *killed*!" And he flourished his crooked stick, and looked so fierce that Liesel hardly knew him.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose many must be killed, but it is a pity for their wives and children."

"That is so," the boy answered, less fiercely; remembering that her father had fallen in battle. "I'll tell you what, Liesel," he added, "I will ask each one I capture if he is married, and shall only kill those who are single."

Liesel heaved a sigh of relief. "You are a good-hearted boy, Dick-Kopf," she said.

Old Brigitta had seemed so comfortable and cheerful of late that Liesel believed she was getting well; but one morning on going to her bedside to wish her, as usual, "*Guten morgen*" ("good morning"), she found the poor old body asleep in "the sleep which knows no waking."

It was a bitter grief,—this parting from her only relative,—but thanks to her sweet disposition, the orphan girl had many friends among rich and poor. The neighbors gathered around her with words of comfort, and the school-master took her

to his own house to stay until after the funeral. It was then decided that, as there was no one to object, and Liesel herself was more than willing, she should go into the service of the countess.

Having noticed the little girl's handy ways and pleasant temper, the countess thought best to train her for the position of lady's maid, and for this purpose placed her in the hands of Henrietta, her own maid, who undertook to instruct Liesel in fine sewing and such other duties as would in time be required of her.

This sudden change in her mode of life was no doubt the best thing which could have happened to the lonely orphan; but it must be confessed that, kind though every one was to her, there were some things which Liesel found hard to bear. To the peasant child, used to a free open-air existence, it was very tiresome to sit so much of the time bent over her needle; and the little feet, which had been accustomed to going bare, except on Sundays and holidays, felt cramped and miserable in the shoes they were now required to wear all the time. Not only was her heart full of sorrow for the dear grandmother who had taken all the care of her since her mother died, but she missed also her life-long friend and playmate Dick-Kopf. She had seen him but a few times of late, and it seemed to her that he looked at her with a reproachful kind of gaze;—"as if," she reflected sadly, "as if I were becoming proud!"

Whenever she looked up from her sewing out into the beautiful summer, and saw the birds, with glad cries, winging their way across the blue sky and plunging into the fleecy clouds, her heart longed for freedom. She could see the straw-thatched roofs of the village, and the smoke of the chimneys, and, with brimming eyes, how from one chimney only no smoke arose—that of the empty cottage which had been her home. She could hear the blacksmith's hammer ringing, and the voices of the children at play, and there on the little hill-top beyond the village the windmill's heavy sails were swinging, and she knew that not far from it Dick-Kopf must be sitting, watching his geese and perhaps missing her as much as she did him.

Ah, many a time her eyes were too dim to thread the needle, and big tears fell upon the little trembling fingers. But Liesel had not only a wise head for her age, but a stout heart, and she struggled hard with all these sad thoughts, resolved to do all that her duty seemed to require; for was not every one very, very kind to her?

Most of the visitors at the castle were gone now, but good old Prince Poniatowsky still remained, and never passed her by without a pleasant word or two, although, seeing that the child's mood was not now a merry one, he joked less than formerly.

It seemed strange to Liesel that so grand a gentleman should stoop to notice her at all; but then, as all the servants said, he was in no way like the rest of the grand people.

Liesel saw and heard many things at the castle which interested and puzzled her, but what puzzled her most of all was the fact that little Countess Adelberta was neither a very good nor a very happy child. There was hardly an hour in the day when her shrill crying could not be heard, and all the servants of the household pronounced her,—under their breath, of course,—“a little vixen.” This seemed very strange to Liesel. It seemed to her that Adelberta had everything in the world to make her happy, and no excuse for naughtiness.

It happened one day that Adelberta was not quite well—just sick enough to have to stay in the nursery; and all the morning her cries and shrieks had been almost unceasing. About midday Henrietta came into her own room, where Liesel sat darning a napkin.

“Liesel,” said she, looking very much annoyed, “you are to go to the nursery. The little countess is crying for you.”

“For me?” exclaimed Liesel, much astonished.

“Yes,” answered Henrietta. “Her ladyship is tired of her stuffed dolls, and wants a live one, I suppose. Take my advice,” she added, as Liesel rose to go, “and keep at a proper distance from her ladyship, for she is not to be trifled with, that I can tell you!”

When Liesel reached the nursery, she found the little countess seated on the floor amid a litter of books and toys, her pretty, delicate face wearing its very naughtiest expression. Near her stood her mother, looking sad and displeased, and in the background, bristling with anger, was Fräulein Longenbeck, the governess.

“Liesel,” said the countess, gently, “Adelberta thinks she would like to play with you for a while. I hope it will do her good, and that when I return she will be ready to say that she is sorry for her naughty behavior.”

She then left the room, followed by the governess.

Liesel looked about her, at the beautiful pictures, rich furniture, pretty little bed, and the costly toys and books upon the floor. How could any child be otherwise than happy here, she wondered. All the while, Adelberta was staring at her from beneath her tangled curls.

“Come and play!” she said, finally, in a peevish voice.

Liesel came nearer.

“Do you like books?” asked her small ladyship, presently, giving the one nearest her feet a petulant little kick.

"Oh, yes! Do not you, *gnädiges Fräulein*?" answered Liesel.

"I hate them!" said Adelberta, decidedly.

"O *gnädiges Fräulein*!" cried Liesel, "not all books! You surely like picture-books and story-books!"

"I like the fairy-books, and that is all!" answered Adelberta. "The girls in the books learn their lessons, and write their exercises, and love their governesses. I don't learn, and I write badly, and," with a quick breath, "I *hate* Fräulein Longenbeck!"

She looked so very savage when she said this, that Liesel could not help smiling, at which the corners of Adelberta's own mouth curled up funnily.

"We must not hate *any one*," said Liesel, who, being a year or two older, felt it her duty to reprove such sentiments, even though uttered by a little countess; "it is a great sin to hate."

"Then I am a great sinner," said Adelberta. "There's French, now," she went on; "was ever anything more stupid? And I must speak six French sentiments every day—out of my *own head*, you know—or I get no dessert at dinner. Generally I don't mind, but yesterday there were to be ices, and I tried very hard to speak them, and see!—to-day I have a headache and sore throat in consequence."

"But you like your music-lessons, of course," said Liesel, who had listened gravely.

"Least of all!" cried Adelberta, jumping up and beginning to drum on the table. "One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!" she repeated, with so perfect an imitation of Fräulein Longenbeck's manner that Liesel laughed outright.

By this time Adelberta's ill humor had begun to disappear. She even felt a little ashamed of herself, especially as she noticed Liesel's neat braids and caught a glimpse in the mirror of her own rough locks. She gave her hair a stroke or two with her delicate hands and came up to Liesel in a friendly manner.

"Tell me," she said, "are you not sorry you came here to live?"

"Oh, no! No, indeed!" said Liesel; but even then her eyes turned toward the window, where she could see the tree-tops waving and hear the birds twittering.

"Then why do you always look so sad?" persisted Adelberta.

Liesel's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah," said the other, with unusual gentleness, "I know; I too had a grandmother, and she died. She was very good to me."

There was a little pause, and then the little countess went to the closet where her toys were stored, and returned with a lovely doll, saying:

"This is my best doll. She is from Paris, and her name is Belle. She can talk and cry."

That was her childish way of showing sympathy, and Liesel began to think that Adelberta was not so *very* naughty, after all, as she took the pretty doll in her hands.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, holding the long silken train out at full length. "She is like your good Mamma, the gracious countess!"

"Yes, a little," said Adelberta. "Now I will show you something else," she added, in a lower tone; "only you must never tell."

She ran to the closet, and exploring the depths of a large box, brought to light another doll.

"Allow me," she said, with another ceremony, "to present to you Fräulein Longenbeck!"

This doll was a poor battered creature whose beauty had long since disappeared. She was dressed in a piece from one of the governess's own dresses, and made up, as nearly as Adelberta's fingers could imitate it, in the same style. The few hairs still remaining were arranged in the way in which that august lady was in the habit of dressing her own. One arm was bent, and one long kid finger raised in a stern, reproving manner.

Liesel gazed at this effigy in speechless amazement, wishing very much to laugh, but feeling that she must not encourage Adelberta's naughtiness. Fortunately at this moment steps were heard approaching, the doll was hastily concealed, and the countess, entering, permitted Liesel to go.

After this she was often sent for to amuse the little lady, to the horror of Fräulein Longenbeck, who, being the daughter of a reduced merchant, was even more aristocratic in her ideas than the countess herself.

When Liesel had been at the castle about a month and, without even suspecting it, had won the good opinion of all, something happened to her so wonderful, so unexpected, that it will read more like a fairy-tale than a simple narration of facts! Indeed, if I did not know that such things *do* happen now and then,—though not so often as I wish they did,—I should be afraid to put this part of Liesel's story on paper.

One day, as she sat in Henrietta's room darning a particularly fine napkin with a particularly fine needle and floss, and every once in a while casting a longing glance at the birds plunging headlong into some white clouds beyond where the trees were tallest and greenest,—in came Henrietta, with her face aglow.

"Liesel!" she whispered, "you are to go at once to the countess."

The blood rushed into the little girl's face, and the tears to her eyes, for her first thought was that she had displeased her gracious mistress in

some way. She rose hurriedly and laid her sewing aside.

"Foolish child!" cried the maid, "why do you cry? I tell you it is something very *good*, and something——" and then she checked herself. "Go on, dear little goose!" she cried, giving Liesel a playful push; and Liesel, relieved to hear that she was not to be reprimanded, went on to the door of the countess's *salon* and knocked timidly. A sweet voice bade her enter, and she did so, but felt very much embarrassed to find in the room, not only the countess herself, but the count, smiling in his grave, distant way, and old Prince Poniatowsky, whose wrinkled face was alive with some secret joy, which he could hardly restrain. Liesel, finding so many eyes upon her, could only stand before them, dropping one quaint little curtsy after another and looking into each friendly face with her large, innocent eyes.

"Liesel," began the countess, in a tender, encouraging voice, "our good friend, Prince Poniatowsky, having seen that you are a good child and fond of books and music, has taken a great interest in you. If you are pleased with the idea, he will take you to his own home, will provide you with teachers, and, if you are as ambitious and industrious as we think you will be, you can become in time a teacher yourself. Perhaps you would like that better than anything else. What do you say, Liesel? Would you like to go?"

Liesel had turned first pale and then red while the lady was speaking, and now she could only look wildly from one to another, unable to utter a word.

"It shall be as you wish, Liesel," said the countess, taking her cold little hand and speaking very softly. "If you wish to go, go now to the prince and give him your hand. You need not speak a word."

Pale, trembling, in a kind of dream, Liesel went over to the old prince and held out her hand, only half-conscious of the kind words he spoke, and went away at last just enough awake to remember that in two days she must go away with him to his distant home.

It was soon known throughout the castle and the village that "Brigitta's Liesel" was to go away with the rich, whimsical old prince, "to be made a fine lady of," and every one rejoiced at her good fortune. No, not quite every one, for there were some envious souls in the village (as there are everywhere), who said spiteful things which other envious souls took care to repeat to Liesel, and which grieved her honest little soul. Then Fräulein Longenbeck, moreover, chose pronounce the prince's beneficence "a dangerous precedent"; but Liesel did not hear this, and would not have known what it meant if she had; so it did not matter. She was too busy, and too excited and

bewildered, to know whether she was happy or not. At times she was full of gladness, but at other times there was a curious sinking at her heart, which was anything but pleasant; and she felt this most often when she thought of her old friend and comrade, Dick-Kopf.

He, poor fellow, was told the news as he sat alone on the common with his geese, and it was like a stab through his heart.

"Well," he remarked to his feathered companions, after the baker's boy, who had stolen a moment to run and inform him, had disappeared, "well, have I not always said it? It is only what was to be expected!" But with all his sturdy philosophy, Dick-Kopf found his black bread hard to swallow that day. Toward the close of the afternoon some one spoke his name, and there was Liesel, no longer in servant's garb, but neatly dressed in mourning, with a nice straw hat on her yellow hair, and fine shoes on her pretty feet. Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping, for she had been taking leave of old friends and places, and had just come from the graves of her mother and her grandparents; but she looked so tall in her neatly fitting dress, so refined and elegant, that Dick-Kopf felt really awkward, in spite of her friendly smile.

He tried, however, to stammer out something by way of greeting, but the lump in his throat grew *very* troublesome, and he turned squarely around, which would have seemed rude, had not Liesel seen how the big horn buttons on his back went creeping up and down, and known by this that poor Dick-Kopf was sobbing. It was too much for Liesel. She sat herself down beside him in the old place and cried heartily with him.

The geese, including those of old Brigitta, came up and stretched their long necks toward her; and then, as she took no notice of them, they waddled away, gobbling noisily, and thinking, no doubt, like some of her other village friends, that Liesel had grown proud and haughty.

"Did n't I always *say* so?" said Dick-Kopf, swallowing a big sob. "Did n't *everybody* say so?"

"Oh!" sobbed Liesel, "I *almost* wish it were n't so! I *almost* wish I were going to stay here!"

"Nonsense!" cried Dick-Kopf, sturdily, wiping his eyes on his sleeve; "it is just as it should be. You were not meant to be a goose-girl or a common servant. Now you will learn books and music, and everything, and in time become a great lady, a great deal handsomer," went on Dick-Kopf, nodding his head violently, "than *any* of them! Yes, yes! It is just right, only—Liesel—don't you get *p-proud*, you know, and"—and here he turned his back again in a suspicious way.

Now it was Liesel's turn to be comforter.

"See here, Dick-Kopf," she said bravely; "when you are a great soldier, and have won the 'Iron Cross,' you will come and see me, and we will talk over the old times—the times when we tended our geese together, and all the rest. And, Dick-Kopf, you can do something for me."

The boy looked up eagerly.

"Go always on All Souls' Day," she went on softly, "and lay flowers on my graves for me."

Dick-Kopf gladly promised this, and then they talked of many things, and finally shook hands; and Liesel, not once looking back at the boy's sad little figure leaning against the rock, went back to the castle, feeling very strange and solemn.

stammer out a farewell speech,—but, alas, he broke down at the beginning, and turning, laid his head against the stone wall.

The old gentleman stroked Liesel's hair gently, and, wise old fellow that he was, let her have her cry out. That was the best way, no doubt; for a child's grief is usually short-lived, and there was much to take up Liesel's attention; after that she became bright and cheerful in a little while.

But my story is growing too long. Let me say, then, in a few words, that after Liesel had brightened the grim old Castle Poniatowsky for a year or two with her sweet face, and wakened its echoes with her lovely voice, the old prince adopted her as his child, which was what he had intended to do all



"LIESEL WENT OVER TO THE OLD PRINCE AND HELD OUT HER HAND."

The next day she went away with her new friend and benefactor. The leave-taking at the castle was hard enough, but worse was to come. As the carriage rolled through the village, all the people came out to call out to her their good-bye wishes. The little girl sat up very straight beside old Prince Poniatowsky, but she was very pale, and trembled in every limb.

All the time, she was wondering where Dick-Kopf could be; but when they were quite out of the village, there he was, standing by the roadside in his Sunday clothes, and with a very large nose-gay in his hand. He made a brave, friendly face, threw the bouquet into the carriage, tried to

the while. And Liesel grew up good, and beautiful, and accomplished, and married a very grand gentleman, and lived in a wonderful palace in an old German city, where the story of the little peasant girl is told to this day. I said it would read like a fairy-tale, and was I not right?

I wish I could tell you what became of Dick-Kopf, but we can only hope that his sorrow at losing his little friend wore away. In course of time he doubtless grew into a big, gawky, good-natured fellow, served his king bravely and, having reached the height of his ambition, is to-day strutting proudly about with a sword at his side, and the "iron cross" upon his breast.



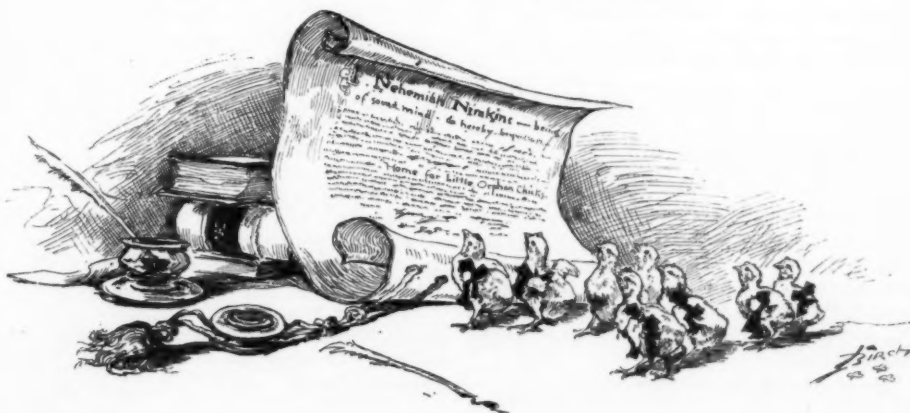
Truly Repentant.

Remorse · o'ertook · him · on · the · way

OLD Nehemiah Nimkins was as thrifty as could be;
He kept a host of chickens that, with worthy energy,
Laid one fine egg apiece each day until their owner grew
To be regarded by his friends as very well-to-do;
But, as he journeyed to the town to sell some eggs one day,
He went so slowly that remorse o'ertook him on the way!

"My sense of honor is aroused," he cried, "and now I spurn
The very thought of taking what my poor, dumb creatures earn!
It's downright robbery, I think, to sell the eggs they've laid;
And I will cheerfully refund the money they have made.
Beyond a small commission, the corn used, and the rent
Of the wretched place in which they live, I'll give them every cent!"

"I'll have a skillful carpenter, as quickly as he can,
Construct a house of architecture Gothic or Queen Anne;
I'll furnish it with bric-à-brac and paintings old and rare;
I'll place before them daily a generous bill-of-fare;
And if there's any money left, I'll have a lawyer fix
My will so I can found a 'Home for Little Orphan Chicks!'"



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

UNCLE GRAY did not suppose there was any special need of his going out of the house again that night; for he did not doubt that Kit could be trusted, after the severe lesson he had received, to put up the horse and lock the barn-door.

"I don't know but it'll be a good thing it has happened, on the whole," he said to Aunt Gray; "for I guess it'll teach him to have his wits about him in future."

He was in excellent spirits, pulling on his boots. But he was wheezing a little; and she urged him to go to bed again, predicting that he would be asthmatic to-morrow.

"I guess I sha'n't be," he said. "I don't feel like sleep. I want to see how Dandy looks, after his scrape. I can't help laughin' when I think on 't! How smart Christopher was!"

He glanced at the table as he passed through the kitchen.

"Might give him a little of that new honey for his supper," he suggested, taking his hat from its peg. "I should n't wonder if 't would taste good, with his bread and butter."

The small corner of his heart filled by the nephew glowed with uncommon warmth that night.

"I guess I will," said Aunt Gray, innocently.

The truth is, she was all the while intending that Kit should have some of that honey, and was only waiting for her husband to get back to bed before setting it on the table. Perhaps she dreaded more his unpleasant remarks at sight of it than his asthmatic troubles on the morrow. For the honey represented so much cash; and Uncle Gray, besides being even more economical than Aunt Gray (which is saying much), often thought her inclined to over-indulgence of her nephew.

"Might give him just a little," he added, recalling, the moment he had spoken, that genial fault of hers together with the present high price of honey.

He even waited to see her bring a little cake of the pellucid comb in a sauce-dish, before putting on his hat and going out. He considered it a rather liberal quantity. How he would have regarded it if he had gone first to the barn and learned of Kit's last stupendous blunder, it is needless to surmise.

He was to find that out soon enough.

"F'r instance!" he exclaimed gleefully, entering the stable; "if anybody had told me this morning——"

He had got so far, when suddenly he stopped.

Kit had placed the lantern on the floor, and was standing beside it,—if such an attitude can be called standing,—looking so shrunken, so weak, and woe-begone, that you would almost have said he had shared the fate of Dandy, and been changed to another boy by some dreadful hocus-pocus. He was trying to rally himself when Uncle Gray, after an amazed glance at the horse, burst forth with:

"What—what sort of a beast have you got here?"

"I don't know!" murmured the dazed victim of disaster.

"Don't know!" ejaculated Uncle Gray, in a swollen and agitated voice, which may be compared to a cat, with tail and fur up at some horrible circumstance. "Where's Dandy?"

"Don't know!" faltered the child of misery.

"What *do* you know?" roared Uncle Gray.

"I know I'm a fool, and that's about all!" said the abject slave of shame and misfortune.

With lips tightly rolled together, features in a terrible snarl, and eyes scintillating like small fire-works on either side of his fallow, hooked nose, Uncle Gray took up the lantern, and looked the strange horse over from forelock to fetlocks, from hock to withers. Then he set the lantern down again without a word and took two or three strides to and fro; Kit all the while shriveling among the pendent harnesses, and the horse tranquilly munching hay with stolid equine unconsciousness of the little drama in which he was so important a figure.

After a brief silence, broken by the regular champing sound in the manger and irregular chafing and fuming of Uncle Gray, that worthy man, suppressing the inward turmoil to which no words could do justice, demanded sharply:

"Where'd you git that hoss?"

"Over at the cattle-show," Kit answered meekly.

"But you said you found Dandy!"

"I did find him! I left him a minute to get a lunch, and went back to take him,—I had n't a doubt that I had the same horse,—and now I've got him home, he's another horse altogether!"

"Another hoss altogether!" Uncle Gray repeated, trembling with the tempest he could hardly contain. "I should say he was! I don't believe you found Dandy, at all!"

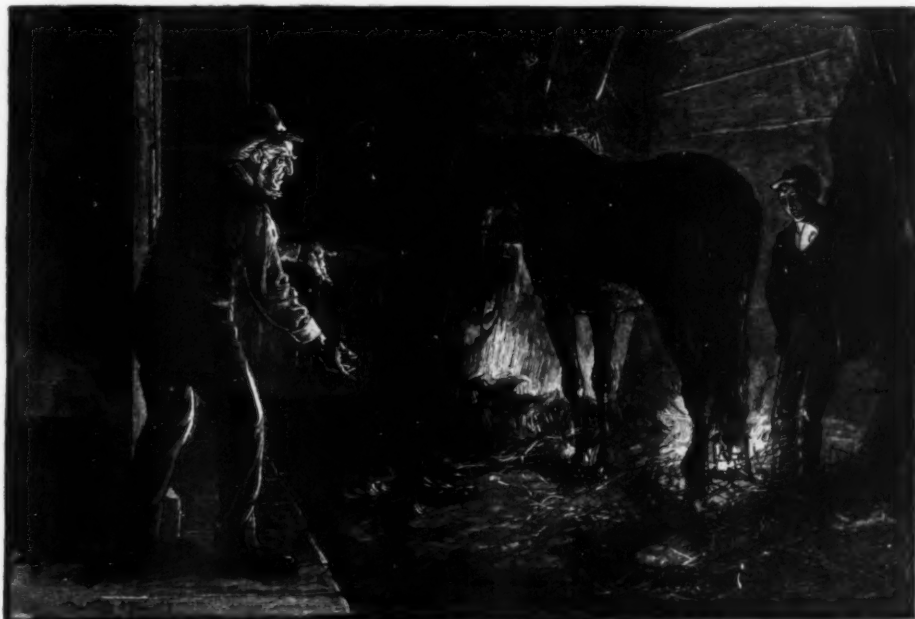
"Yes, I did; though I don't wonder you think so," said Kit. "But it was dark under the shed,—and Cash Branlow tumbled me on his back in such a hurry,—and I never was on Dandy's back but twice,—and how could I tell another horse from him then, in the evening? Though it seemed to me there was something wrong about him, two or three times."

"Something wrong about him!" echoed Uncle Gray. "This hoss is no more like Dandy than I'm like Isaiah the Prophet! He's about the same

wonder where his home is! Do you know what you've done, boy?"

Poor Kit answered only by his looks, which showed plainly enough his consciousness of the enormity of his offense.

"You've stolen a hoss; that's what you've done!" said Uncle Gray. "You've giv'n up Dandy, after findin' him,—if it's true you *did* find him, which I very much doubt,—and run off another man's hoss in his place. What's a-goin' to be done about it—have ye any idee?"



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BOY?"

size as Dandy, and somethin' nigh the same color, and that's about all. He carries his head in a different way."

"I noticed that, when I got off his back," said Kit. "I could n't tell just how he did carry his head when I was riding him."

"He's a trimmer-built hoss," continued Uncle Gray. "Longer-legged, a great sight! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see now!"

"And a younger hoss, I should say; and he ought to be a better roadster."

"I *was* surprised," said Kit, "at his traveling off so well after his day's work. But I supposed it was because he was going home."

"Goin' home!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "I

"I wish I had!" murmured the wretched Christopher.

"Wish ye had!" cried Uncle Gray. "If you don't beat all the—"

Words failing him to express his sense of the situation, he ended with a wrathful sniff.

"I don't see as anything can be done about it to-night," said he; "and we may as well lock up and go into the house. Must be nigh on to midnight, by this time. Smart boy, you be, keepin' us all awake till this time o' night, just to see how big a blunder a boy of your age and inches can possibly commit! I knew before, you were the beatermost underpate in all creation! What shall I say now?"

"Say anything you please," replied Christopher,

his heart having sunk until it reached the very rock-bed of self-abasement and despair. "You can't blame me any more than I blame myself."

His utter submissiveness seemed slightly to mollify the uncle, whom anything like excuses or prevarications would have but served to exasperate still more.

"Wal, wal! let's go in. Nothin' can be done till to-morrow; then we'll see how your amazin' stupidity can be remedied, if there's any remedy for 't, at all."

Uncle Gray held up the lantern, and scrutinized the strange animal again, before parting with him for the night.

"He's a better hoss than Dandy; a younger and more valu'ble hoss. I should n't object to the trade if 't was an honest one. But to go and steal another man's beast because one of our own's been stolen, is a kind of irreggularity that a law-and-order-community's not likely to tolerate."

"I should suppose so!" said Kit, finding a certain strength in the very depth of humbleness he had sounded; for in that depth was truth, the source of all moral strength. "I don't tolerate it myself; as I'll show you to-morrow."

"You'll show!" said Uncle Gray, contemptuously. "What'll you do?"

"I don't know just what," replied Kit. "But I'll let folks know that if I am a thief, I am an unwilling thief; and that if I've stolen a horse, I did n't mean it for stealing. I can do that, at least."

"Come, come!" Uncle Gray turned to go. "No use standin' here and talking of what you'll show, and how you'll let folks know. You've got yourself and us into an unconscionable scrape, and I don't see how we're a-goin' to git out on 't; though may be you do, you're so bright! Let's go in and tell your aunt, and see how proud she'll be of her smart nephew!"

He locked up the barn with one hand, while he held the lantern with the other; poor Kit feeling that he was unworthy to offer the least assistance.

Aunt Gray, on learning the net result of Kit's arduous all-day expedition, was quite as much astonished as that excellent man, her husband, had been. But she was more inclined to take her nephew's part; and she was the first to offer a probable explanation of his most extraordinary mistake.

"It's all a trick of that miserable, mean, Cassius Branlow," she declared. "He's equal to any wickedness, and I'm sorry enough, Christopher, that you had anything to do with him."

"So am I!" cried Uncle Gray. "And I'm astonished, I'm astonished, boy, that you should have trusted him for a moment!"

Kit, worn and haggard, sitting at table, trying

to eat his supper, did not see fit to remind his uncle of some very different observations he had heard a little while before on the same subject, when it was thought Dandy had been secured partly through Mr. Branlow's management.

"And it's my opinion," cried Aunt Gray, nodding her head to give emphasis to her words, as she stood, portly and grim, at the end of the table,—"it's my positive opinion that Cash Branlow is the thief!"

"No doubt on 't!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "How could you—how could you for an instant believe he meant any good to you, with his advice and help—a notorious scamp like him!"

And, standing at the other end of the table, he scowled his blackest disapprobation upon the culprit actually at that moment tasting the precious honey!

Unconsciously tasting, it must be said. Kit knew no more that honey was in his spoon and that the spoon went to his mouth than if he had been an automaton. He was thinking; and as he thought, the blood rushed to his cheeks and brow.

For he remembered just then how he had stood looking squarely into Branlow's face and described the thief to him,—sallow complexion, smooth face, suit of dark, checked goods, narrow-brimmed straw hat, medium height,—without noticing that Branlow's own appearance corresponded, item for item, with the description, which he checked off, with so innocent an air, on his fingers!

CHAPTER XI.

WE have already heard how Mr. Cassius Branlow, when weary of the work-shop, had sometimes taken to the road as a traveling tinker. But he was never long satisfied even with that light and varied occupation; for though the experiences it yielded were large, the revenues were small; and it was a necessity of his restless nature that he must not only see the world, but also be well fed and entertained.

Hence the habit he had fallen into of supplementing his kettle-mending and soldering of tin-pans with a little industry of a less praiseworthy sort. If he stopped the leak in your boiler, you were apt to find that he had made a more serious leak in your household economies by pocketing a silver fork or a tea-bell. Discovering your losses after he was gone, you resolved to look out for him when he should come that way again; but he did not soon come that way again. The country is large, and Mr. C. Branlow distributed his favors over a large area of its territory. He was traveling over familiar ground when he chanced upon Uncle

Gray's unlocked stable. It was unaccustomed booty he got there; and though he knew of places where he could dispose of odd household articles to advantage, he was not an adept in the ways of converting horses into money.

He congratulated himself, however, on having mastered a new and important branch of his craft, when he found at the cattle-show a broad-backed farmer who agreed to purchase the stolen Dandy for seventy dollars. But the buyer had not the money in pocket, and must go out and raise it by borrowing, or collecting bills. He had come to the fair in an open buggy, and he drove off in it, promising to return at sunset, or a little later, when he would pay the money, and receive the horse from Branlow.

That worthy might have accompanied him, but he did not do so, for two or three reasons; he was tired of riding, for one thing; for another, he did not care to be showing his stolen beast about town unnecessarily; last, if not least, he was by no means sure his man would raise the needful money, and while waiting for him he might see a chance to sell Dandy to somebody else, perhaps for a larger sum.

He had not been able to effect a second bargain; and falling back upon the first, he was amusing himself, in the absence of his customer, by trying his luck with the ball and peg, when accosted by his old acquaintance, Kit.

This made an embarrassing situation for Branlow. With the stolen horse, the boy in search of him, and the purchaser who might return at any moment to claim him, the rogue found himself confronted by such a problem as the man in the riddle had to solve, with his fox and goose and corn. But he was equal to it.

His first movement was to divert Kit's attention from the cattle-pens, and at the same time separate himself from him, so as to be free to play with his other victim, in case of his reappearance. He might possibly complete his trade at the shed, secure his money, and get away in the crowd, leaving the two claimants of the horse to meet afterwards. But Kit's discovery of Dandy spoilt that game.

Then for a minute or two Branlow gave up the horse as lost, and thought only of his own escape from suspicion. To insure that, it was necessary to get Kit and Dandy out of the way as quickly as possible, before the broad-backed farmer's return. It was an after-thought, to take advantage of the gathering darkness, the position of the sheds, and Kit's youth and inexperience, in order to hustle him off at last in great haste with the wrong horse.

In playing that trick. Mr. Branlow was aware of running a risk; but he was accustomed to risks.

If the purchaser of Dandy or the owner of the other animal had come up at this critical moment, the trick would have failed, with some danger to the player. But they kept away, and it succeeded.

Simply enough. There was a row of pens all very much alike, with horses in four or five of them. In the pen next to Dandy's, on the right, was a horse so nearly like him that Branlow himself had at one time been misled by the resemblance, and had offered to sell him to a stranger. It was this little mistake of his own that suggested to his cunning mind the great blunder which he finally caused Kit to commit.

The broad-backed farmer, in trying the paces of the horse he was buying, had left his saddle and bridle hanging on the boards dividing that pen from the next. The top bar leading into Dandy's shed had been let down by Kit himself; but no sooner had he started for the refreshment-stands than it was put up again by Branlow, as he stepped into the pen. Then, when Kit returned with his crackers and pie, he found the bars of the next shed down, and the saddle and bridle on the wrong horse, which he mounted and rode off, unsuspectingly, as we have seen.

If the maneuver had failed, Branlow would have been at no loss to explain away his own part in it. "What!" he would have exclaimed, "have I been such an idiot as to put your saddle on another man's horse?" The words were ready at his lips, but Kit unluckily gave him no occasion to use them.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I'll spot the thief! I shall be sure to know him!" he chuckled, rubbing his fingers gleefully, as he saw Kit disappear under the great ox-yoke of the entrance without having detected the quickly planned exchange. "Narrow-brimmed straw hat, medium height—Great Scott! what a joke!"

A joke truly, from his point of view: Dandy left in the shed, and the thief in sole possession!

He was well aware, however, that his game was not yet completely won. On the breaking up of the crowd at the race-course, he saw a number of persons hastening toward him across the fair-ground.

"Here comes the owner of the horse that my young friend has ridden off," said Branlow to himself. But instead of guiltily trying to avoid them, he advanced with the most perfect assurance to meet the foremost of the comers.

"Did you notice anybody going out from here with a saddled horse?" he asked, assuming a countenance of great concern.

They had not noticed any one particularly, they said, to his apparent disappointment and immense secret delight.

"Or have you seen anything of a stray saddle and bridle?" he inquired. "I left mine hanging on the side of the pen, by my horse here, and they're gone! A horse that was in the next pen is gone, too; and I'm afraid the owner made free with my property."

The persons he addressed were in such haste to hitch up their own horses and start for home that they gave little heed to his story, until one called out, from the let-down bars of the vacant shed:

"Boys! *our* horse is gone!"

Then followed excited ejaculations, and a brisk running to and fro to examine adjacent sheds. Those who found their animals and other property safe, were still intent on getting off; but there were three stout boys who took a sudden and lively interest in what Branlow had to say.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY were the Benting boys, of Duckford; Lon and Tom and Charley. They had driven over, seven miles, with their younger sister, Elsie, to visit the county fair; and had been so fascinated by the races, in which a promising colt from a neighbor's farm was winning his first honors, that they were unexpectedly late in starting for home.

It was their horse that was missing, and the eagerness with which they turned to Branlow, now that their own interests appeared involved in the case they had no time to consider before, would have made a cynic smile.

Branlow would have smiled—he would have laughed maliciously—but for the necessity of keeping a sober face. Good fellows they were, no doubt; yet how little they cared for his lost saddle and bridle until they learned whose horse had gone with them.

They had been chatting in low, hurried tones of the triumphs of their friend's colt, and of the lateness of their start,—wondering what the folks at home would think, and who would milk the cows in their absence,—when that startling discovery put everything else out of their boyish heads.

The girl had stopped at the wagon, in which lay the loosely flung harness; but now she, too, advanced, in no little consternation, to the pens where Tom and Charley were questioning Branlow.

"How long had you been here when we came?" they demanded.

"Just long enough to find my saddle and bridle missing;" and Cassius showed where they had hung. "It's a wonder the fellow didn't take my horse; lucky for me he preferred yours!"

"Why don't you harness this horse to our wagon and start after him as soon as you can?" Elsie said to her brothers, who proposed the plan to Branlow.

"Go along with us," said Tom; "and get your saddle when we get back our horse."

For the real thief to set off with these honest young men, driving the horse that had really been stolen, in pursuit of Kit, who was no thief at all, and the horse he had taken by mistake, struck Cassius as a funny arrangement. But it was one he might find growing serious, in case Kit should be overhauled.

"I might do it," he said, "if this horse was mine."

"You called him yours," said Tom.

"So I did; and I'm responsible for him. I sold him to a man this afternoon, and he went off to get the money to pay for him. He was to meet me again over by the refreshment-tent; but I got tired of waiting, and—great Scott!" Branlow suddenly burst forth, apparently in vexed surprise. "Have I been duped?"

"How duped?" Tom Benting asked.

"I believe he's the rogue! the man who wanted to buy my horse! That was only a pretense; he was just looking for a chance to steal one!"

The unsophisticated Cassius whipped his trousers with the backs of his fingers, and scowled with prodigious self-disgust.

"Somebody hang me on a tree, somewhere, to ripen," he exclaimed; "I am so green!"

As nobody volunteered to do him that favor, he continued, in his immature and verdant state, to rail upon other people's roguery and his own transparent innocence.

The boys now again urged the plan they had proposed; to which it seemed that he could have no longer any objection, if the man he awaited was indeed a cheat. But Cassius held off.

"If mine was a fast horse, and we knew just which way the fellow had gone, it might pay," he said. "But that was an old saddle, not worth taking much trouble to find, anyhow; and to start off at this time of day, to hunt you don't know where, for you don't know whom—I don't quite fancy it!"

Meanwhile, the oldest of the boys had been making inquiries for the lost horse at the entrance; and he now came back, declaring that he believed he had heard from him.

"A little fellow in a white cap rode out on just such a horse, not ten minutes ago. We must follow him up!"

"How can we?" asked Charley.

"On foot, if no other way," said Lon, resolutely.

"Elsie! I've found a chance for you to ride with the Rawdons. Get home as soon as you can, and tell the folks what has happened, so they need n't be surprised if they don't see us before midnight."

He was a sturdy, energetic youth, and his determined voice and manner put new life into the younger boys. They told him of their plan of using Branlow's horse, and Branlow's objection to it.

"You don't care for your bridle and saddle?" said he to that reluctant young man; "nor very

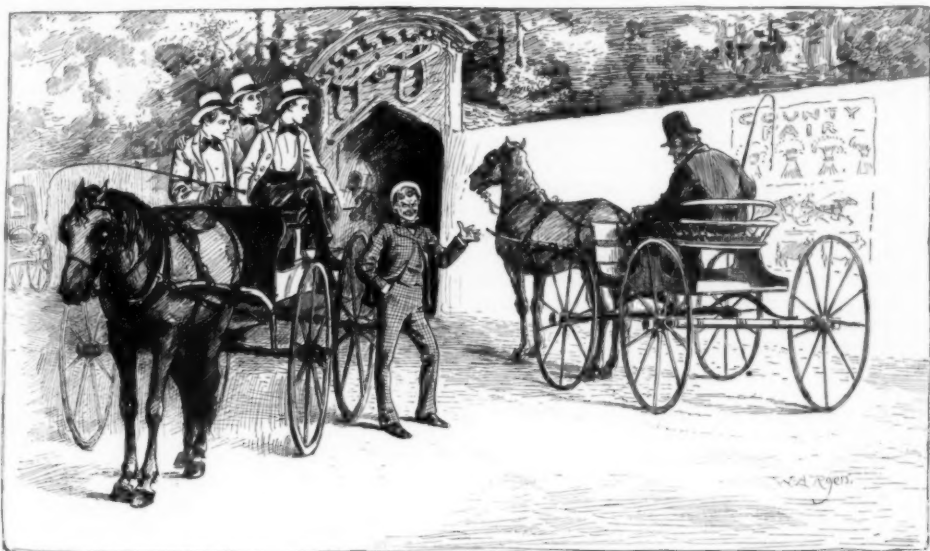
unless he could raise some, he did not see just what he was to do with himself and Dandy for the night.

"Well, as you say; anything to accommodate!" he finally replied to Lon's proposal. And the harness went on Dandy's back in a hurry.

Tom was putting Elsie into their neighbor Rawdon's wagon, when she said to him:

"I hope you will find General! But I don't believe in that man very much; do you?"

"He seems a clever sort of fellow," Tom replied. Though hardly sixteen years old, she was much



"BRANLOW LEAPED TO THE GROUND AND CALLED OUT: 'HERE'S MY MAN, AFTER ALL!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

much for helping other folks in trouble, I suppose."

"Oh, yes!" said Branlow, smiling blandly. "Helping folks in trouble is one of my weaknesses."

"Well, then," said Lon, "accommodate us! If we don't get your saddle and bridle for you, I'll engage to pay you for your trouble, and give you supper and lodging, in any case. What do you say? Yes or no! We've no time to lose!"

Cassius was beginning to look upon this as a promising adventure,—trusting his ready wit to do more to hinder than to help the pursuit of Kit, if he joined in it, and to get himself out of difficulty, if it should prove too successful. Here might also be an opening for another sale of Dandy, if the one already arranged had failed, as he feared.

Moreover, he was in need of ready money, and,

wiser than her big brothers, in some respects. She had watched Branlow closely, and detected in his plausible speech a tone of insincerity.

"There's something about him I don't like," she said. "I'm afraid he is deceiving you."

"He can't deceive us very badly," Tom answered confidently. "Three to one!"

"That is true; but look out for him!" were Elsie's parting words, as she rode off with the Rawdons.

How much cause the brothers might have had to remember her warning, if their plan had been carried out, cannot be told; for it was defeated by a circumstance as vexatious to themselves as it was agreeable to Branlow.

Dandy was harnessed to the Bunting wagon, and Branlow had mounted to the front seat with Lon, while Tom and Charley sat behind. They were

driving out of the almost deserted fair-ground into the evening atmosphere of dew and dust that hung low over the skirts of the village, Lon looking eagerly for a policeman he had left to learn the direction the little rider in the white cap had taken, while Branlow argued that the man who had the Benting horse wore a black hat, and was by no means little; when all at once he leaped to the ground and called out:

"I'm wrong! Here 's my man, after all!"

It was indeed the purchaser of Dandy, coming to keep his agreement.

"I had given you up," said Cassius, as they met. "Where have you been all this time?"

"I had more trouble gettin' the money than I expected; but I have it now," said the man, reining up in his buggy. "Not too late, I hope!" looking sharply at the harnessed horse.

"No; a bargain 's a bargain," said Branlow, with more satisfaction than he dared to show. "I can give you possession on the spot."

The Benting boys explained their situation, and begged permission to drive the horse, at least until they could hire another. But the buyer of Dandy was by no means so obliging a person as Branlow. He was a square-jawed, broad-shouldered, short-necked man, with a short, grizzled beard, and a way of saying, "No!" and "I can't!" which proved extremely discouraging to the Bents.

(To be continued.)

ings. "I'm in a hurry to get home," he said. "I don't care for the saddle; I would n't buy it, and I won't go a rod out of my way for it. Sorry to interfere with your plans, gentlemen; but that horse belongs to me, and your harness must come off."

"If you say so," replied Lon, seeing the sort of man they had to deal with, "off it comes!"

Dandy was stripped immediately, and furnished with a rope halter, by which he was to be led at the end of the buggy, the harness being thrown again into the Benting wagon, and the wagon left standing helplessly beside the street.

"This is a pretty predicament for us, boys!" Lon exclaimed, with much repressed wrath. But there was no help for it; the unaccommodating man must have his way.

"I'm *very* sorry it has happened so," remarked the inwardly rejoicing Cassius. "I'd stay and help you; but I must go with this man over to the store yonder, and get my money, and give him a bill of sale."

Leaving the brothers to get out of their difficulty as best they could, he mounted the buggy beside the broad-shouldered driver, calling back cheerfully as he pulled Dandy by the halter and rode away:

"It must be the little chap in the white cap that took your horse, after all!"

"CAT NANCY'S" FOLKS.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

MARGERY TAYLOR was fond of adventure, and was continually playing she was lost in the woods, or shipwrecked, or traveling across the snow, or climbing mountains. Sometimes she was an Indian, and sometimes a king.

"I wish," said her mother, "that — just for a change, you know — you would pretend to be my helpful little girl. That would be new and interesting."

"I always help when you ask me," replied Margery.

"But you never offer," her mother replied, "and I shall never think you are really and truly obliging until you *offer* to help."

"You don't want me to be obliging to *every* one, do you, Mamma?"

"Certainly I do."

"Not to 'Cat Nancy'?"

"Why not? I am sure she needs help. She is a very poor and forlorn old woman."

"Well, I will try," replied Margery.

And so that very afternoon, with her little basket in her hand, she walked over to "Cat Nancy's" house.

This old woman was noted for two things: she never washed her face, and she had forty cats. She supported them all by begging, and she was very particular in having exactly forty in number. If any of the forty wandered off, she put on her bonnet, took a piece of fish in her pocket, and went out to coax in some more; if the cat ranks were full, she would not have accepted even a Persian puss with a tail like a squirrel, or a Manx with none at all.

She lived in a house with two rooms in it, and everything about it looked lonely and untidy.

Margery stood at the broken gate for a moment, and listened.

All was quiet.

Then she went up to the door and knocked.

A cat sneezed.

It might have been Nancy, but Margery felt sure it was a cat.

Suddenly the old woman opened the door.

"Good-afternoon," said Margery. "I came to see if I could do anything for you."

"Cat Nancy" looked at the child with surprise.

"Do anything for me?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Margery. "Mamma thinks I ought to be obliging to you."

"Your ma is a good woman," said "Cat Nancy," approvingly, "and she saves her pieces with some sense, and I never have to sort them over to pick the pickles out. That 's about the only thing my folks wont eat."

"Well," repeated Margery, "I would like to do something for you."

The old woman hesitated a moment; then she said:

"Very well. Come in."

The room was small and unswept, but the sun shone brightly in upon it, and in the window stood a scarlet geranium in full bloom.

Cats? Why it seemed to Margery that there must be a hundred there. The room was full of them. They lay curled up around the stove, on the chairs, on the wooden settee. But they were all very quiet.

"Don't they fight?" asked Margery.

"Sometimes; but I feed 'em well, and keep 'em warm, and that takes the temper out of them."

Then she took down her bonnet from the nail.

"Now," she said, "I have some business to attend to, and you can stay and keep the mush from burning."

As she said this, she took a piece of salt mackerel out of a covered stone crack, and put it in her pocket.

"If they worry you," she said, pushing away a half dozen cats who immediately crowded around her, "take down that whip from the shelf, or throw a piece of this fish into the corner. They 'll leave you alone quickly enough then. But you need n't be afraid. All the new ones are upstairs."

And then she went away.

Margery put her little basket down on the table by the crack, and began to stir the mush on the stove. The pot was large, the paddle was heavy, and Margery had to stand on her toes, so she soon

began to be tired and stopped to rest, but the cats opened their fiery eyes and stared at her so fiercely that they frightened her.

"Oh, I wont let it burn!" she cried, and began to stir again with vigor, but she soon went slower and slower, and to amuse herself, she thought she would count the cats. At first this seemed easy, but some of them grew restless, and jumped about, and this confused her so that more than once she had to begin over again. Finally, she decided that there were twenty-eight cats there, and then she wanted to know how many were upstairs, so she tried to deduct twenty-eight from forty; but as she could not do this without the help of her fingers to count upon, she made a guess, and decided that twenty-eight from forty left twenty!

Just then a door which shut off the stairs was gently pushed ajar, and a black paw appeared. It opened wider and wider, and into the room shot a black cat, and, after her, gray ones, white ones, yellow ones; big and little, in they came, pell-mell, all in a hurry.

Up jumped the down-stairs cats! Their backs went up, their tails grew large, and angrily lashed their sides. The upstairs cats stood still, and their backs went up, and their tails grew large, and rage and defiance lighted every eye!

Then there was a loud war-cry, and with one impulse the whole troop madly rushed at each other, and poor little Margery dropped her mush-stick, and ran into the corner.

Who ever saw forty cats fighting? The din, the cries, the flashing eyes were horrible, and Margery, poor child, felt that she must stop the fray! She did not dare to use the whip, but she made one dash, she reached the crack, and pulled out a fish, and flung it as far as she could. It acted like magic on the cats; they rushed for it, they fought over it. With frantic haste she emptied the jar, and then she picked up her basket and fled. She did not notice that she had left the door open; all she cared for was to get away. She held her hat on with one hand, clutched her basket in the other, and ran like a deer.

And she had need to hurry! Suddenly she heard a noise behind her, and turning her head, she beheld all the cats in full chase!

"But I wont go back!" she screamed, and she set her teeth together and ran faster. She did not care whether the mush boiled or burned.

The cats gained on her. They surrounded her, they bounded, they cried, but Margery screamed, "No! No!" and ran on. And now she saw her mother's house, she reached the gate, she dashed in, she flew through the door, and into her mother's arms, and all the cats ran after her!

Her mother screamed; the cook ran in, and she screamed; the gardener came in, and he stood

still in amazement. Then Mrs. Taylor picked up Margery, and ran upstairs, and into her own room, and locked the door, and fell into a chair, and cried, and laughed, while Margery, all tears, tried to tell her story.

"But," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, "do put that basket down. What in the world *have* you in it?"

It was a cod-fish! A salted cod-fish. And the brine was all over Margery's dress, and the smell of it filled the room!

It must have been dropped into the basket by Margery in her haste to feed the cats.

home; she had found the door open, her "folks" all gone, the mush burning, and she at once marched off to Mrs. Taylor's to "see about it."

Talk? Why she made more noise than all her cats, and she declared Margery had let all her "folks" out on purpose. The cook told her she ought to be ashamed of herself for having left a little girl in a house with forty cats, and to this "Cat Nancy" replied she left only thirty-nine. The fortieth was in her basket that very moment. She had gone out to get it.

But the old woman was mistaken about the locality of this last cat. It was not in her basket



"SHE BEHELD ALL THE CATS IN FULL CHASE."

"Why, Mamma," she cried, "perhaps they smelled it! Perhaps that's what they ran after!"

"Smelled it!" repeated her mother in tones of disgust; "why, my child, the very stones must have smelled it!"

By this time the cats had been driven out of the house, and in the midst of the confusion, "Cat Nancy" herself appeared. She had returned

at all, but was fighting "Cat Nancy's folks" in Mr. Taylor's orchard.

And it was Margery's own cat! As for the thirty-nine, they went everywhere, and they worried all the housekeepers, and everybody begged "Cat Nancy" to take them home. But she said she did not care for cats any more; she was going to keep canary-birds.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

AWAY up near the North Pole, in that very coldest portion of the earth's surface known as the Arctic Regions; where the sun can never get very high above the horizon, although for a part of the year it does shine all day and nearly all night; where for the rest of the year it scarcely shines at all, and where, therefore, the climate is dreary, cold, and cheerless the whole year round, there live a great many people—men and women, boys and girls, and little bits of babies. And, though to us their country seems about the most dismal part of the world it is possible to find, yet they really are the most happy, cheerful, and merry people on the globe, hardly thinking of the morrow, and spending the present as pleasantly as possible.

These cheerful people, in their cheerless country of ice and snow, must, like all of us, at an early time of their life have been babies, and to describe these Arctic babies is the main object of this paper,—to tell the boys and girls what kind of toys and pleasures and picnics and all sorts of fun may be had where you would hardly think any could be had at all; also, some of the discomforts of living in this most uncomfortable country.

Right near the pole, where day and night are five or six months long, and where it is so very, very cold, none of these people live, as there are no animals for them to kill and live upon; but around about the outer edge of this region,—that is, in the Arctic circle, and sometimes far back along the sea-coast,—the greater part of them are to be found.

All over Arctic America, as you will see it in your geography, these people are of one kind, speaking nearly the same language, and very much alike in all other respects. They are called the *Eskimo*; or, as the name is sometimes spelled, *Esquimaux*. All over Arctic Europe and Asia (looking again at your geography), there are scattered many tribes of these people, speaking different languages, and differing in many other respects.

As I lived for a time among the former, the Eskimo, my descriptions will apply only to that nation, and only to those parts which I visited; for when you looked at your geography, if you did so carefully, you must have seen that the Arctic part of North America was an immense tract of land reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the widest part of America, and that it would take a single traveler almost a long life-time to see all the Eskimo and study carefully

their homes, habits, and customs. I did not merely live in a ship or a tent or house of my own *alongside* the tents and huts of the natives, and from there occasionally visit them; but I, with my little party of three other white men, lived for two years in Eskimo tents and huts, so that we made these savages' homes our own.

After a while, these Eskimo began to consider us a part of their own tribe, gave us Eskimo names, by which we were known among the tribe, invited us to participate in their games and amusements, and in cases of direst want, when their superstitions drove them to their singular rites and ceremonies to avert the threatened dangers, they even asked us to join in using our mysterious influence. We four white men did not live in the same snow-hut all the time, but for many months were living apart from each other in the different snow houses of the natives themselves, and this did much to make the natives feel kindly toward us. We made sledge journeys among them away from our home for many months, taking their best hunters with us, and found many other natives who had never before seen any white men; and when there seemed to be any danger from the wily tricks and stratagems of these wilder savages, the members of the tribe with which we lived would, as far as they could, tell us all about it and consult with us as to defense, just as if we were their brothers, and not white men, wholly different from them, while the ones they were thus plotting against were Eskimo, like themselves.

Their little children, too, played with us and around us, just as if our faces were a few shades darker and we were truly their own kind; and as it is of them you naturally desire to hear, you can see that we were in a position to find out by long experience what can be told you about them.

As soon as little Boreas (as we shall call the Eskimo baby) is born, and indeed until he is able to walk, he is always to be found on his mother's back when she is out-of-doors or making visits to other houses. All of the Eskimo's clothes are made of reindeer skins, so nicely dressed that they are as soft and limber as velvet and warmer than any clothes you have ever seen anywhere, even than the nice, warm sealskin sacques and muffs that American ladies wear in winter. They have two suits of this reindeer clothing, completely covering them: the inner suit with the reindeer's fur turned toward the body, and the outer one

with the hair outside like a sealskin sacque. The coats have hoods sewed tightly on their collars, so that when they are put on, only the eyes, nose, and mouth are exposed to the cold.

When Boreas's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is little Boreas's cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing. When Boreas gets very cold, as when he is out-of-doors in an Arctic winter's day with the bitter, cold wind blowing,—when he gets so very cold that he commences crying about it,—his mother will take him out of the bag and put him on her back under both her coats, where he will be held by a lot of sealskin strings passing back and forth under him and around his mother's shoulders over her dress; and there he will be very warm, directly against her body and under her two fur coats, besides the four thicknesses of the hood wherein he was riding before.

This, as I have already said, is while little Boreas is out-of-doors or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking

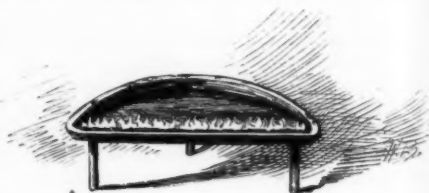


LITTLE BOREAS AND HIS MOTHER.

or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick. This stick is much like a policeman's club, and is used for knocking snow off of the reindeer clothes; for when the Eskimo come indoors, they all take off their outside suit

and beat it with this stick, to rid it of the snow that covers them.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on



AN ESKIMO LAMP.

the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so. It is so cold in the Arctic country in the winter that no timber can grow at all, just as it never grows on the cold summits of the very high snow-covered mountains. Sometimes the Eskimo, by trading with the whale-ships, get wood enough to make the sledges or the spear-handles with which they kill seal and walrus, but not enough to build houses. Sometimes they pick up a little on the bleak sea-beach, where the ocean currents have brought it for many hundreds of miles from warmer climates; but they have no tools, and they do not know how to cut the wood into boards if they had the tools. Never having seen any timber growing as in our woods and forests, they have to make guesses where it comes from. One tribe I met thought that the logs they occasionally found, grew at the bottom of the sea, and when the tree reached nearly to the surface of the water, its top became caught and frozen in the thick ice, and in the summer, when the ice broke up, the tree was pulled up by the roots and floated to the nearest shore.

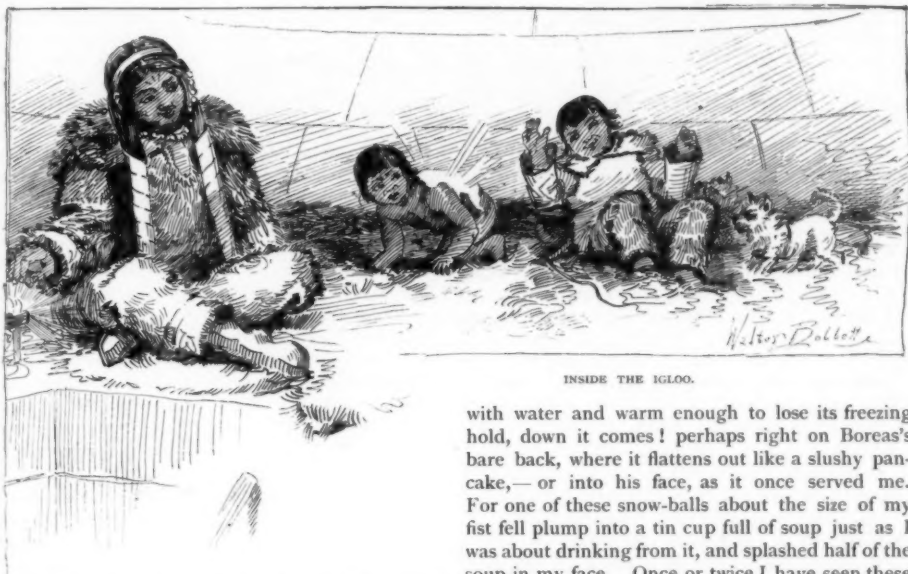
Now, as little Boreas's father has neither wood nor mortar to use on the stones, he is rather at a loss, you think, for building material. But, no. He takes the very last thing you would think of choosing to make a house from in a cold winter. *That is, he builds his winter home of snow.*

"But wont the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. Their stone lamps look like large clam-shells, the shell holding the oil, and the flame being built along the straight shallow edge, while the wicking is the moss they gather from the

rocks. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that little Boreas can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact. Think of taking the baby of your house out for a walk or a ride in the park when the leaves have all fallen, the ground covered with snow, and the

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy



INSIDE THE IGLOO.

ice forming on the lake, and the little baby almost unclothed at that, and then you can imagine what the Eskimo baby has to go through.

Yet, in spite of all this, little Boreas really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys; and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times, the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting,—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow: it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there,—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on little Boreas's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on Boreas's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake,—or into his face, as it once served me. For one of these snow-balls about the size of my fist fell plump into a tin cup full of soup just as I was about drinking from it, and splashed half of the soup in my face. Once or twice I have seen these slushy snow-balls fall down the back of a person sitting upon the bed; and when the cold slush gets in between the skin and the reindeer coat,—well, you can easily believe that it does not feel agreeable.

If, when you cut your boiled egg in two at breakfast (if you are not breakfasting with a French aristocrat, who never cuts, but only chips, his egg),

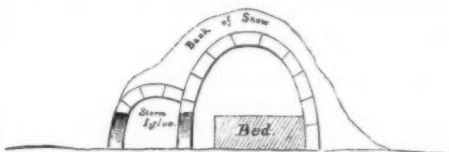


DIAGRAM OF THE PLAN OF THE ESKIMO SNOW HUT, OR IGLOO.

and have taken out the meat, you put the two shells, rims down, on the table, you will have a good miniature representation of a couple of Eskimo snow huts, or winter homes. The fuller shell, or big end of the egg, will represent an *igloo*

during the coldest weather, when the snow is frozen hard and firm, and it can be built flat without danger of falling in, and can thus be made much

horizontal. They make most of the *igloos* just so high that, when standing on the floor in front of the bed, their heads will not be bumping against the roof, although it is hard to tell just where the house-walls stop and the roof commences. When they build their snow houses to live in a long time, however, they make them higher and flatter in the roof than when they are to be used for one or two nights only; for it must be remembered that their *igloos* in the winter time serve them the same use as tents wherever



"STANDING ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE BED."

more comfortable. The pointed shell, or little end of the egg, will represent an *igloo*, as it must be built in the early fall or late in the spring, when it is getting warm and the *igloo* is liable to melt and tumble in.

If through a hole in the top you pour your model about one-third full of water and plaster of Paris mixed, or melted wax, or something that will harden, and, when it has hardened, if you take a knife and cut down through it so as to take off about a third, what is left will represent the bed, as in Fig. 2, which, you see, occupies nearly the whole of the room. Curious as it may seem, this bed is also built of snow, but enough reindeer robes, bear and musk-ox skins are placed over it to keep the warmth of the body from melting the bed.

If with a lead-pencil you draw a continuous spiral line on the egg-shell, far enough apart so that there will be four or five lines from bottom to top directly above each other, and then if you draw lines about twice as far apart as these almost horizontal ones, but broken so as to represent brick-work, each little block that you thus represent is a snow-block of which the *igloo* is built. The real snow-blocks are about three feet long, about a foot and a half wide, and six inches to a foot thick, which would, of course, make the thickness of the *igloo* itself. A row of these is laid on the ground, the long edge down, in the shape of a circle, and this is continued around, just as on your egg-shell, until the snow house is built, the last snow-block, of course, being then perfectly

they travel, the smaller kind taking them, if they are industrious, but about an hour to build,—no one, not even an Eskimo, being able to live in a tent in the coldest weather of these polar regions.

Just in front of the bed, and not much higher, is the little door-way, where the occupants enter the house. In order to do so they must get down flat on their hands and knees and crawl in. To prevent the snow from the top of the door-way brushing off and falling down the neck and back, each Eskimo puts his skin hood over his head before entering, and just as soon as his shoulders are well in the house he shoves the legs back and begins to straighten up so as to prevent running his nose square into the snow of which the bed is made. So you will see that the *igloo* is lacking very much in the "elbow room" which the homes in warmer climates have; but, nevertheless, the lonely Eskimo and his little boy Boreas seem perfectly happy with the room they have, and wonder how in the world any person could wish for any more. The door for this entrance-way is nothing but a big block of snow stuck in the little hole which may be called the door-way, and is used as much to keep out the dogs as it is to keep out the cold. A small *igloo* of snow is often built in front of the door (as shown in the picture on next page), to prevent the wind from getting in easily, and this little storm *igloo* is always full of dogs, who crowd in here to keep away from the sharp, biting wind. The Eskimo dogs, however, will sleep right out on the hard-frozen snow-banks, if they

have plenty to eat, and never seem to mind it, even though the ice on the lakes and rivers may have frozen to a thickness of six or eight feet.

And now, as the Eskimo dogs have been mentioned, you boys who have a favorite Carlo or Nero at home will wish to know about those Arctic dogs; asking what I mean by plenty to eat, and whether, like your own favorites, they get three meals a day and any number of intermediate lunches. No doubt you will think that they really should get ever so much more on account of their hard work in pulling the sledges, and in such a cold country. Yet hard as it may seem, the Eskimo dog never gets fed oftener than every other day, and generally about every third day; while in times of want and starvation in that terrible country of cold, the length of time these poor dogs will go without food seems beyond belief.

I once had a fine team of nineteen fat Eskimo dogs that went six or seven days between meals for three consecutive feedings before they reached the journey's end and good food; and although they all looked very thin, and were no doubt very weak, none of them died; and yet they had been traveling and dragging a heavy sledge for a great

every other day on good fat walrus meat, and do not have too much hard work to do, they will get as fat and saucy and playful as your own dogs with three meals a day. One of the very last things you would imagine to be good for them is the best food they get; that is, tough walrus hide, about an inch in thickness, and as wiry as sole-leather. Give your team of dogs a good meal of this before they start, take along a light supply of it for them, and you can be gone a couple of weeks on a trip; when you get back, feed them up well, and they will be as fat and strong as ever in a very few days.

But to return to the *igloo*. The blocks of snow of which the house is made are, it has been said, from six inches to a foot in thickness; but after the house is thus made strong,—for a heavy man can climb or walk right over it without tumbling it in,—the native architects throw a deep bank of loose snow over it all, burying it in a covering of snow from a foot to three feet thick; so you can see, that there is a good thick wall between little Boreas inside his home and the cold weather outside. This snow is thrown up with great wide shovels of wooden boards, dexterously sewed to-



AN IGLOO AS SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE.

part of the time. Other travelers among the Eskimo have given equally wonderful accounts of their powers of fasting. The Eskimo have many times of want and deprivation, and then their poor dogs must suffer very much. But when they are fed

together with reindeer sinew, and the handle in the center made of a curved piece of musk-ox horn. The inner edge of the shovel, which would soon wear off digging in the hard-frozen snows, is protected by a tip made from the toughest part of a



AN ESKIMO KNIFE AND SNOW-SHOVEL.

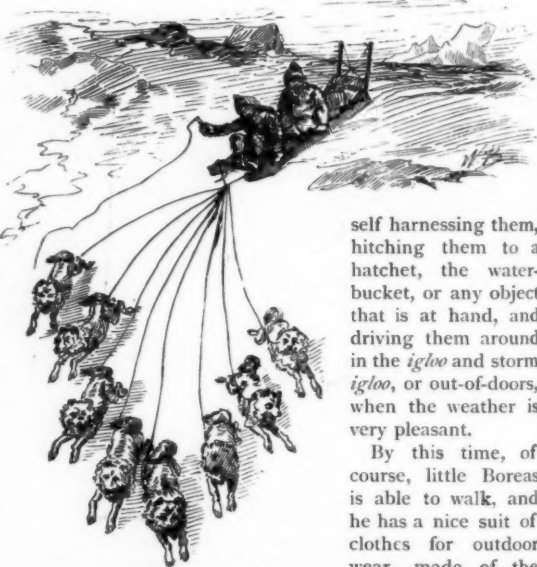
reindeer's horn. A snow-shovel is always carried by the Eskimo on their travels. The knives with which they cut the blocks of snow are like great long-bladed butcher-knives, with handles of wood long enough to be grasped easily and firmly with both hands. Sometimes they use a saw where they can get it by trading with the sailors who come into certain parts of their seas to catch whales, walrus, and seals.

But will not every one under such a thick house of snow, with the snow-door tightly fastened up to keep out the dogs and cold, smother to death for want of fresh air? And if they do not smother, where does the fresh air come from? The frozen snow is about as porous as white sugar, and all boys and girls know they can draw in air through a lump of it, or if they do not know it they can try the experiment. Well, in the same way, the cold air from the outside passes very slowly through the thick snow wall as fast as the people inside use up that in the *igloo*; not so fast but that they can warm it with their little stone lamps as it comes in, unless there is a strong gale of wind on the outside to blow it through. I was at one time in a very thick *igloo*, probably four feet through, but the snow was very hard and sandy, and would not pack down well, and as there was a very heavy wind blowing at the time, the *igloo* was so cold that we all had to go to bed under the thick

reindeer robes, to keep warm. Holding a burning candle near the wall of snow on the side from which the gale was coming, the flame was bent over nearly a third or half-way toward the center of the *igloo*.

If the *igloo* becomes very warm inside by the lamp's using up too much of the air, the heat ascends to the top and soon cuts its way through the soft snow in the chinks of the snow-blocks, and these little chimneys soon afford a sufficient amount of fresh air. If they give too much, they are "chinked up" with a handful of snow taken from the front of the snow bed.

Now that you know all about little Boreas's home, let us find out what he has been doing. We left him rolling about on the reindeer skins of the snow bed, in a house built of snow, where it must nearly always be below freezing to prevent the house from melting down. Well, as the Eskimo must sometime be babies, so the dogs must at some time be puppies, and the puppies are allowed inside the *igloo* on the bed, where they are the favorite playthings of the young heir. His mother makes him a number of doll dog-harnesses for the puppies, fixes him up a dog-whip almost like his father's, and then he amuses him-



AN ESKIMO TEAM OF DOGS.

self harnessing them, hitching them to a hatchet, the water-bucket, or any object that is at hand, and driving them around in the *igloo* and storm *igloo*, or out-of-doors, when the weather is very pleasant.

By this time, of course, little Boreas is able to walk, and he has a nice suit of clothes for outdoor wear, made of the softest skins of the

reindeer fawns, trimmed with rabbit and eider-duck skin. As soon as the puppies get a little bigger,

the larger boys take them in hand, and by the time they are old enough to be used for work in the sledges, they are almost well-trained dogs without knowing just when their schooling commenced.

And so with little Boreas; when he gets older he takes the dogs his younger brother finds unmanageable and trains them, and by the time he is a young man, he is a good dog-driver, and knows how to manage a sledge under all circumstances. This is the hardest thing that an Eskimo has to learn. I have known white men to equal them in rowing in their little seal-skin canoes; I have seen white men build good *igloos*; but I have never seen a white man who was a good dog-driver; and the Eskimo told me that they had

never seen such an one, either. When they drive their dogs, it is in the shape of a letter V, the foremost dog being at the converging point, and the harness-traces running back in V-shapes, to the sledge, as shown in the accompanying sketch. The forward dog is called the "leader," or "chief," and, in trading dogs, a "leader" is worth two good followers, or ordinary workers. The Eskimo dog-driver manages the leader wholly by the voice, making him stop, go ahead, to the right or to the left, as he may speak to him; and as he acts, so do the others, who soon learn to watch him closely, and strangest of all, to obey him even after they are unharnessed, although "the leader" may not be one of the largest and strongest dogs in the team.

(To be continued.)

GROWN-UP LAND.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

I.

"Good-morrow, good-morrow, my bright-eyed lad,
Now what may your trouble be?"

"Good-morrow," he answered me, sober and sad;
"Here is trouble enough for me:

Say, which is the road to Grown-up Land —
The shortest, kind stranger, I pray?
For these guide-boards all point with a different
hand,

In a dreadfully puzzling way.

This says: By the Town of Saving a Cent;
Another: Just follow your Natural Bent;
This points to the Road of Wisely Giving;
And that to the Turnpike of Truly Living;
A fifth straggles off here to Leap-frog Town;
And a sixth climbs the hill-slope of High
Renown.

These lead to the By-ways of Bat and Ball,
And the Highways of Courage and Know It All;
Then there are the Cross-roads of Play and Fun,
And the Post-roads of Duty and Things Well
Done.

Good Gracious! How *can* a boy understand
Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't fret, my lad, for the roads, you see,
Have been traveled by many like you and me;
And though each road has a different name,
To Grown-up Land they all of them came.
And hour by hour, my boy, you'll find
That, little by little, they drop behind;
Till, almost before you know it, you stand
On the breezy summits of Grown-up Land."

II.

"Good-morrow, my lassie, with face so sweet,
Now whither away with your flying feet?"

"Good-morrow," she answered, with wave of
hand,

"I am off in a hurry to Grown-up Land.
But I wish you would show me the shortest way,
For these guide-boards, I'm certain, will lead
me astray.

Just think! One says: 'T is a Stitch in Time;
And another: Through Smiles and Tears;
This says it is only: By Up-hill Work;
And that: By the Flight of Years.

Another says, Play; and another, Books;
And another: Just Dance and Sing,
And this one says, Help; and that one, Hope;
And this: Care in the Littlest Thing.

O, the roads are so many! Who *can* understand
Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't worry, my lassie, with eyes so blue,
For whichever the road that is traveled by you
It will carry you forward until you stand
On the sunlit hill-tops of Grown-up Land."

And lassie and lad
Ran off in glee,
Without so much
As "Good-day" to me.
And in Grown-up Land,
Whatever their way,
They will meet together
On Big Folks' Day.



BY AUSTIN CHAPIN, JR.

ONE Friday afternoon, not so very long ago, there sat in one of the boxes at the Academy of Music, in New York city, two little boys with bright and eager faces, radiant with expectation and delight as they watched the great stage filled with rows of musicians who were trying their instruments and tuning them up in readiness to begin the rehearsal.

There are few boys or girls who read this who do not know what the tuning of an orchestra sounds like, and what an uninteresting and discordant medley of noises it is. Odd as it seems to us, there are people, however, who enjoy just such noises, and call them music. The Chinese are especially fond of such horrible combinations of sounds, and I remember once going to a Chinese theater, in which the orchestra plays a principal part, where the din was something fearful, and where the musicians reminded me of a lot of irrepressible school-boys who had collected all the tin horns, cans, whistles, and drums they could find, and were trying to out-scream, out-whistle, or out-toot one another. Once, so the story goes, the Shah of Persia was in London, and went to a concert in the famous Crystal Palace at Sydenham. While the orchestra was tuning up and making all manner of queer noises, his royal highness was immensely pleased and entertained, but as soon as the concert really did begin, the Shah said he could not see much beauty in it, and he soon went out. The Shah of Persia showed as good taste as many people of better education now exhibit in concert rooms. With a difference, however; the Shah was not ashamed to show what pleased and displeased him, while we often see at a concert many people who will sit through the performance of a piece, of the meaning of which they have not the slightest conception, and then at the end, while they are really thinking what a noisy and tedious thing it was, they turn to their neighbor, clasp

their hands, roll up their eyes, and exclaim: "How divinely beautiful!" But let us get back to our boys. One of them held in his lap a big book, on the cover of which was printed the name "Beethoven" in gilt letters, and, beneath, the word "Symphonies," while on the programme which they held appeared the words "Symphony in E Flat Major. Heroic. Beethoven." And now, I am sure you will understand what the boys, and the book, and the Beethoven all meant. The performance was what is called a Symphony Concert. Very soon the director of the orchestra took his place, and the concert began; and in all that large audience there were no more attentive listeners than the two little boys whose bright eyes followed their score from the first to the last of Beethoven's noble Heroic Symphony. At length it was all over, and as they went out of the big building the younger boy said to the elder:

"Well, Ernie, it was just fine, was n't it? I'd like to hear such a concert every afternoon; would n't you?"

"Well, rather, I should think," replied Ernest; "but are n't you glad we studied it up beforehand? We understood it so much better."

Ted did not reply immediately, for after he had spoken he had fallen to thinking intently about something, and so he walked along in silence for some moments. Suddenly his face brightened as if his perplexity were solved, and turning to his brother he said, excitedly:

"I say, Ernie, you know next week is the Philharmonic concert, and they're going to give the Seventh Symphony, the one that Larry and the Professor play, and that we like so much. When we get home we'll ask Mamma if we can't come down to the city and go, and we'll write to Mr. Thomas and ask him to save a seat for us. We can earn money enough by doing errands and taking

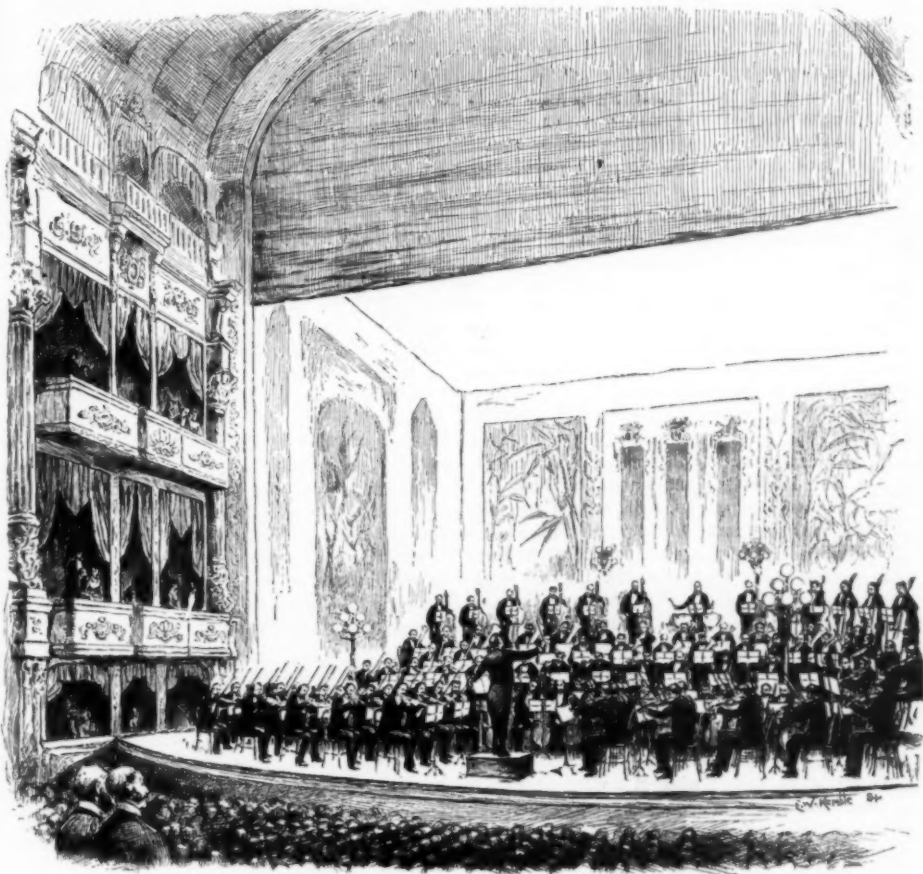
care of the chickens, and next week they're going to put new shingles on the house and we can make something by clearing away the old ones."

"That's a fact; and we'll do it, too, I tell you," said Ernest, enthusiastically.

The boys' home was situated in one of the quiet little towns that border the shores of the beautiful

willing, and if you go, you can stay overnight at Uncle Ben's."

And, thinking it but another of those whims of childhood that would be forgotten before morning, the mother smiled gently to herself and went on with her knitting, while the boys rattled off upstairs to bed. For once the mother's judgment was at fault, however; for, notwithstanding



A PHILHARMONIC CONCERT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY.

Hudson River. They had a long car-ride to take that night; but, once at home, they told their mother of the plan, before their bed-time arrived, and asked her advice about it. Mrs. Fraser was a wise woman, and believed in encouraging all wholesome enthusiasms in her young people, and so she said, quietly:

"Yes, boys, you can try it if you wish. I am

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the good laugh that she and the elders had that evening at the latest of the boys' "schemes,"—which generally numbered three a day, and ranged through all the degrees of boyish ambition, from amateur journalism to a chicken farm, and were born only to die at dusk and bed-time,—the boys themselves had no idea of abandoning a plan which was the conception of their own minds, and

which they intended to arrange and carry out unassisted by any "grown folks." Accordingly, the next morning the two lads occupied the great desk in the library, and the two brown heads were deep in a consultation which presently developed into activity as Ernest took a clean sheet of paper and dipped his pen into the ink-stand, while Ted, with elbows on the desk and chin resting in his hands, followed appreciatively and admiringly and with occasional suggestions the composition of the letter which they had decided to send to Mr. Theodore Thomas, the director of the Philharmonic concerts. And the following letter is the one that finally emerged from under the overshadowing mass of boys' heads and bodies and ink and perplexity, looking somewhat scratched and inky and uneven, to be sure, but nevertheless a letter:

"WHEATHEDGE, Nov. 6, 1882.

"MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

"*Dear Sir:* We two boys have been studying up the Seventh Symphony and we want to hear it very much indeed but we heard that there were no tickets left for Friday but we thought maybe you could find room for us two boys ten and twelve we can sit on one seat or stand up. Please answer as soon as you can, for we are earning up money for it yours truly

"ERNEST AND THEO. FRASER."

This was submitted to the maternal eye and to that of "the Professor," a name the boys had given their tutor, and, being approved, a fresh copy was prepared and punctuated and sent off in the afternoon mail. Then followed a day of eager hope and speculation as to whether Mr. Thomas would answer it favorably, and, under the supposition that he would, they went to work vigorously on the pile of old shingles that the men sent flying down from the roof of the house as they ripped them off with spades, and the ducks and chickens decided that the millennium was surely at hand, for never before had such peace and plenty and prosperity reigned in their kingdom.

Several days passed without a word in reply to their appeal, but on Wednesday morning there arrived a letter directed to "Master Ernest Fraser or Theodore Fraser," and bearing in one corner of the envelope the words: "Philharmonic Society of New York, Academy of Music." The boys lost no time in opening the imposing letter, and, almost beside themselves with eagerness and delight, they could hardly take in the meaning of the words that Mrs. Fraser was reading to them, as she held the letter in one hand and two pink tickets for reserved seats in the other.

"Listen to this, boys," said she, "and hear what was done with your letter."

"PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.
"ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"MY DEAR BOYS: Your letter was read to the whole Philharmonic Society to-day, and it was much applauded for its originality. You are wrong in thinking there are 'no tickets for sale.' There is 'standing-room only,' and tickets are for sale for next Friday and Saturday. By the kindness of Mr. W. G. Dietrich, you need not spend your money except for other expenses. Mr. Dietrich kindly handed me two tickets to forward to 'the Boys,' and I have no doubt that you will write him a note thanking him for his generosity. It is a sign of good taste for boys to 'study up' Beethoven, and Friday will present a good lesson. Please bring this letter with you, so we may know 'the Boys' are with us, and ask for the Secretary. Yours in all kindness,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON,
"Secretary N. Y. P. S."

"There now!" she exclaimed, as she finished reading. "It seems to me you are two very fortunate boys to be so highly honored, and you must write to these gentlemen immediately and thank them."

"All right! Come on, Ted, let's do it now, and then get our things ready for Friday," and off they went into the library like a flash, too excited to do, or think, or say anything with less moderation and speed than two young locomotives off on a holiday. Mrs. Fraser, happy in the joyous tumult of her boys, perceived that it would not do now to think of retracting her promise to them, and so, by the time the boys brought the letters to her, she had planned the arrangements for their musical pilgrimage, and settled it all in her mind. The writing and composition of their notes had somewhat sobered their enthusiasm. One was addressed to Mr. Dietrich, who sent the tickets, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. DIETRICH: We thank you very much indeed for those tickets you sent us. We did not know that we could not earn up money enough in so short a time. We don't know how to thank you for your kindness, nor tell you how glad we are to know we are going. We will look forward to meeting you Friday. Yours very truly,

"ERNEST AND THEODORE FRASER."

The other was to Mr. Johnson, the Secretary, and this is a copy of it:

"MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON: We want to thank you for the letter you sent us, which we received this morning. We were very much surprised when we read the letter; we thought very likely that there were no tickets to be had, and, above all things, we did not think of having tickets sent to us; we can not tell you how glad we were when we knew we are going. We hope to see you and Mr. Dietrich Friday. Yours truly,

"ERNEST FRASER.
"THEODORE FRASER."

There were not two prouder, nor more light-hearted boys in the land than Ernest and Theodore when on the following Friday morning they started off, alone, for the city and the concert. In their pockets was the money they had earned, and in their hands they carried the Beethoven and the valise which held the things they should need for their stay at Uncle Ben's, for it had been arranged that, instead of coming home the Saturday after the concert, they were to remain over till the Monday following. As it always is when the children are away from home, the house was wofully quiet at first, but the next day there came back stray gleams of the departed sunshine in the shape of brief postal-cards. The first was from Ernest, and read:

"DEAR MAMMA: When we went to the Academy of Music, we asked the box ticket-man if we could see Mr. Johnson, and he said: 'I don't know the gentleman.' I said I meant the Secretary; he told me to go to the other office, so I went there and asked him; he said that he (Mr. Johnson) was on the other side of the doors, and I could see him as soon as the doors were open. After they were open I asked a gentleman where Mr. Johnson was; he asked me for my tickets, and said they were not good, but he gave us two other tickets. I saw Mr. Johnson.

"ERNEST."

The second was a remarkably concise and characteristic account of the concert from Ted, who wrote:

"DEAR MAMMA: We had a very nice time at the concert this afternoon. We did not know that we could get in or we could get out. There was a man that sat with us, and said 'Now let's look over our book.' He did not know beans about music, but he thought he did.

"From, THEODORE FRASER."

The third card was the joint production of both boys, and read:

"DEAR MAMMA: Mr. Johnson gave us the preference of sitting on the stage or sitting upstairs; we chose upstairs; he advised us to sit upstairs. Teddy told you about the young man up there. We had no trouble in finding our way about. Love to all, from

"ERNEST."

"DEAR MAMMA: We are having a very nice time here. Ernest is showing Uncle Ben about Papa's gymnast-machine. Tell the Professor we enjoyed the concert. I send love.

"THEODORE."

In the absence of the boys themselves these brief messages were the best possible substitutes, and Mrs. Fraser contented herself with the postal-cards, satisfied to know that the boys' experiment had thus far been a safe and pleasant one,

yet looking forward meanwhile with some motherly solicitude and anxiety for their return on Monday evening. Monday came at last; it was a dreary, stormy day. Dr. Fraser was absent on a lecturing tour. "Sis" was away visiting one of her former school friends; the two elder brothers were at college, and so it was that Mrs. Fraser and the Professor, with little Bonnie, or "Jerusha Tittle-back," as she preferred to be called, were the only ones who, at the dusk of the early-closing day, met in the bay-window that overlooked the drive, to watch, with considerable eagerness and anticipation, for the return of the carriage from the station with James and the boys. Six o'clock came. No boys. It grew too dark to watch, and the lamps were lighted. Half-past six and tea-time. No boys yet. Seven o'clock, with Mrs. Fraser and the Professor at the lonely tea-table, the contents of which remained almost untouched, while a forced conversation strove to hide the growing anxiety of both. Half-past seven, and yet no boys, and now anxiety had grown to alarm, for the papers had of late been full of accounts of disasters on land and sea, and the railroad that joined Wheathedge with New York had been visited with more than its share of accidents.

A little after half-past seven the scarcely-tasted meal came to an end, and Mrs. Fraser and the Professor rose from the table, when, just as they were passing through the hall, there came the welcome sound of wheels on the drive, the familiar whistle and call, and in a moment more the travelers were in the warm, bright light of the hall and clasped in their mother's arms. However sudden the change from alarm to thankfulness and joy in the heart of the fond mother, the young gentlemen had no time for sentiment, and announced together and in one breath and as if they were telling the most commonplace thing in the world:

"Oh, yes! we had an accident at Peekskill. A freight train smashed up or something. That's what made us so late. We're terribly hungry—can't we have something to eat? Are you through tea yet?" and with this brief explanation the little group sought the tea-table, two of them with far different feelings from those with which they had left it a few moments earlier.

"Now, tell us all about it," said Mrs. Fraser when the boys had taken off the keen edge of their appetites, "and how you found Mr. Johnson."

"Well," said Ted, sputtering out the words as fast as he could, and with no thought of grammar or connection, "we got to the door all right, and showed the man our tickets, and he said they would n't do, and then we told him about it and said we wanted to see Mr. Johnson. Then he let us in, and we found Mr. Johnson and showed him

the letter, and he laughed and said: 'Well, if here are n't the boys, after all!' And then he took us inside and asked us where we wanted to sit, on the stage or in the audience. We said we thought we could hear better if we were in the audience; so he gave us two good seats and a programme, and then went away. Oh!—I forgot about the umbrella. It was raining and we were so excited that we forgot to put down the umbrella when we went into the Academy, and we kept it up until Mr. Johnson laughed and said he thought we might as well close it for a little while. And then there was a man came in and sat next to us, and he took off his coat and looked over our score and talked about Beethoven, and tried to turn the pages at the wrong place. And he had an opera-glass, and he looked straight up in the air through the little end of it. I believe he was crazy, and I don't think he knew anything about music."

"Do wait a moment, and don't go so fast, Ted," said the Professor. "And now tell us what you thought of the symphony."

"Oh! it was beautiful!" answered Ernest, who

was really the more musical of the two, "and the allegretto was best of all, and we could follow every note of it. They had another one, too, called the 'Scandinavian Symphony,' and that I liked very much."

Very soon after the excitement of their return and the recital of their adventures had passed, both boys began to show their weariness, and so, after the good-nights were said, they started upstairs, dragging their feet slowly after them, keeping time with a dismal sort of funeral march which they whistled, using as a theme the melody of the allegretto which Ernest had spoken of. Mrs. Fraser and the Professor laughed as this and other sounds came down from the room above, and as the Professor picked up the letter from Mr. Johnson, which the boys had left on the piano, he said:

"I must say I think the Philharmonic Society has distinguished itself in this matter."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Fraser; "but how about the little boys?"

And with a smile, perhaps of amusement, and perhaps of motherly pride, she folded up the fifteenth pair of mended stockings and started on another.

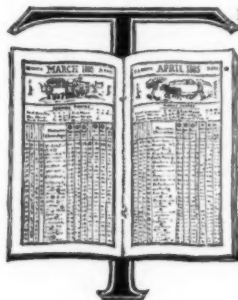


DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY TO EDEN.



HE almanac had announced spring; nature appeared quite unaware of the fact, but, as far as we were concerned, the almanac was right. Spring was the era of hope, of change, and hope was growing in our hearts like "Jack's bean," in spite of lowering wintry skies. We were eager as robins sojourning in the South to take our flight northward.

My duties to my employers had ceased on the first of March; I had secured tenants who would take possession of our rooms as soon as we should leave them, and now every spare moment was given to studying the problem of country living and to preparations for departure. I obtained illustrated catalogues from several dealers in seeds, and we pored over them every evening. At first they bewildered us with their long lists of varieties; while the glowing descriptions of new kinds of vegetables just being introduced awakened in us something of a gambling spirit.

"How fortunate it is," exclaimed my wife, "that we are going to the country just as the vegetable marvels were discovered! Why, Robert, if half of what is said is true, we shall make our fortunes!"

With us, hitherto, a beet had been a beet, and a cabbage a cabbage; but here were accounts of beets which, as Merton said, "beat all creation," and pictures of cabbage heads which well-nigh turned our own. With a blending of hope and distrust I carried two of the catalogues to a shrewd old fellow in Washington Market. He was a dealer in country produce, who had done business so long at the same stand that he was looked upon among his fellows as a kind of patriarch. During a former interview he had replied to my questions with a blunt honesty that had inspired confidence.

The morning was somewhat mild, and I found him in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his pipe among his piled-up barrels, boxes, and crates, after his eleven-o'clock dinner. His day's work was practically over; and well it might be, for, like others

of his calling, he had begun it long before dawn. Now his old felt hat was pushed well back on his bald head, and his red face, fringed with a grizzled beard, expressed a sort of heavy, placid content. His small gray eyes twinkled as shrewdly as ever. With his pipe he indicated a box on which I might sit while we talked.

"See here, Mr. Bogart," I began, showing him the seed catalogues, "how is a man to choose wisely what vegetables he will raise from a list as long as your arm? Perhaps I should n't take any of those old-fashioned kinds, but go into these wonderful novelties, which promise a new era in horticulture."

The old man gave a contemptuous grunt; then, removing his pipe, he blew out a cloud of smoke that half obscured us both as he remarked, gruffly,

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

This was about as rough as March weather; but I knew my man, and perhaps proved that I was not a fool by not parting with him then and there.

"Come, now, neighbor," I said, brusquely, "I know some things that you don't. If you came to me I'd give you the best advice that I could. I've come to you because I believe you to be honest and to know what I don't. And when I tell you that I have a little family dependent on me, and that, if possible, I mean to get a living for them out of the soil, I believe you are man enough both to feel and to show a little friendly interest; if you are not, I'll look farther and fare better."

"Well, you let that new-fangled truck alone," he said, "till you get more forehanded in cash and experience. Then you may learn how to make something out of the novelties, as they call 'em—if they are worth growing at all. Now and then a good penny is turned on a new fruit or vegetable; but how to do it will be one of the last tricks that you'll learn in your new trade. Hand me one of those misleadin' books, and I'll mark a few solid kinds, such as produce ninety-nine hundredths of all that's used or sold. Then you can go to What-you-call-'em's store, and take a line from me, and you'll get the genuine article at market-gardeners' prices."

"Now, Mr. Bogart, you are treating me like a man and a brother."

"No; only treating you like one who, p'raps, may deal with me. Do as you please about it, but if you want to take along a lot of my business cards and fasten 'em to anything you have to sell, I'll give you all they bring, less my commission."

I went home feeling as if I had solid ground under my feet.

The next day, according to appointment, I went to Maizeville. John Jones met me at the station, and drove me in his box-sleigh to see the place he had written of in his laconic note. I looked at him curiously as we jogged along over the melting snow. The day was unclouded, for a wonder, and the sun proved its increasing power by turning the sleigh-tracks in the road into gleaming rills. The visage of my new acquaintance formed a decided contrast to the rubicund face of the beef-eating market-man. He was sandy, even to his eye-brows and complexion. His frame was as gaunt as that of a scarecrow, and his hands and feet were enormous. He had one redeeming feature, however, — a pair of blue eyes that looked straight at you and made you feel that there was no "crookedness" behind them.

His brief letter had led me to expect a man of few words, but I soon found that John Jones was a talker and a good-natured gossip. He knew every one we met, and he was usually greeted with a rising inflection, like this: "*How are you, JOHN?*"

We drove inland for two or three miles, over hills and down dales, surrounded by scenery that seemed to me beautiful beyond all words, even in its wintry aspect.

"What mountain is that standing off by itself?" I asked.

"Schunemunk," he said. "Your place — well, I guess it will be yours before plantin'-time comes — is well off to the east of that mountain, and looks up the valley between it and the main highlands on the left. Yonder's the house, on the slope of this big round hill that 'll shelter you from the north winds."

I shall not describe the place very fully now, preferring that it should be seen through the eyes of my wife and children, as well as my own.

"The dwelling appears old," I said.



MR. BOGART GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

"Yes, part of it's a good deal more 'n a hundred years old.

It's been added to at both ends. But there are timbers in it that will stand another hundred years. I had a fire made in the livin'-room this mornin', to take off the chill, and we'll go in and sit down after we've looked the place over. Then you must come and take pot-luck with us."

At first I was not at all enthusiastic, but the more I examined the place, and thought it over, the more it grew on my fancy. When I entered the main room of the cottage, and saw the wide, old-fashioned fire-place, with its crackling blaze, I thawed so rapidly that John Jones chuckled:

"You're positively refreshin', for a city chap. But take that old arm-chair, Mr. Durham, and I'll soon tell you all about the place. It looks rather run down, as you have seen. Old Mr. and Mrs. Jamison lived here till lately. Last January, the old man died, and a good old man he was. His wife has gone to live with a daughter. By the will

I was app'nted executor and trustee. I've fixed on a fair price for the property, and I'm goin' to hold on till I get it. There are twenty acres of plowable land and orchard, and a five-acre wood-lot, as I told you. The best part of the property is this: Mr. Jamison was a natural fruit-grower. He had a lot of good fruit here, and he only grew the best. He was always a-speerin' round, and when he come across something extra, he'd get a graft, or a root or two. So he gradually came to have the best there was a-goin' in these parts. Now, I tell you what it is, Mr. Durham, you can buy plenty of new, bare places, but your hair would be gray before you'd have the fruit that old man Jamison planted and tended into bearing condition; and you can buy places with fine shade-trees and all that, and a good show of a garden and orchard; but Jamison used to say that an apple or cherry was a pretty enough shade-tree for him; and he used to say, too, that a tree that bore the biggest and best apples did n't take any more room than one that yielded what was fit only for the cider-press. Now, the p'int 's just here: You don't come to the country to amuse yourself by developin' a property, like most city chaps do, but to make a livin'. Well, don't you see? this farm is like a mill; when the sun 's another month higher, it will start all the machinery in the apple, cherry, and pear trees, and the small fruits, and it will turn out a crop the first year you 're here that will put money in your pocket."

Then he named the price, half down, and the rest on mortgage, if I so preferred. It was within the limit that my means permitted. I got up and went all over the house, which was still plainly furnished in part. A large wood-house near the back door had been well filled by the provident old man. There was ample cellar-room, which was also a safeguard against dampness. Then I went out and walked around the house; it was all so quaint and homely as to make me feel that it would soon become home-like to us. There was nothing smart to be seen, nothing new except a barn that had recently been built near one of the oldest and grayest structures of the kind I had ever seen. The snow-clad mountains lifted themselves about me in a way that promised a glimpse of beauty every time I should look up from work. Yet, after all,

my eyes lingered longest on the orchard and the fruit-trees that surrounded the dwelling.

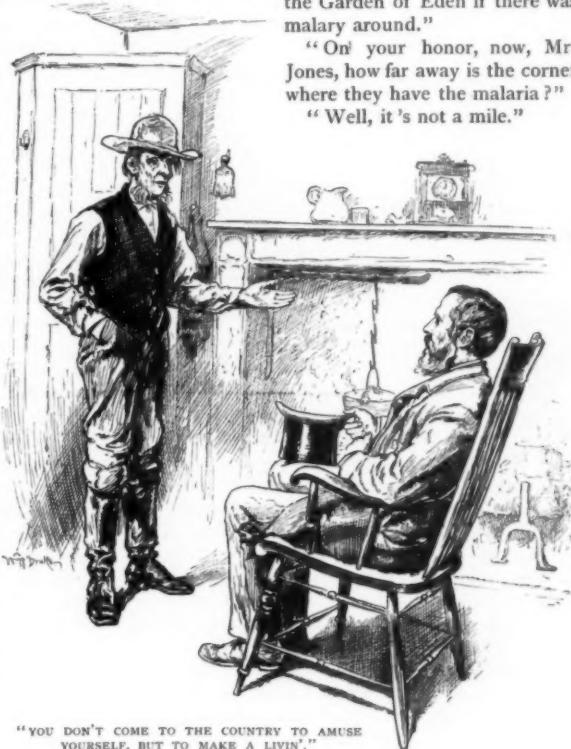
"That's sensible," remarked Mr. Jones, who followed me with no trace of anxiety or impatience. "Paint, putty, and pine will make a house in a few weeks, but it takes a good part of a century to build up an orchard like that."

"That was just what I was thinking, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, I knew that. Well, I've just two more things to say, and then I'm done, and you can take it or leave it. Don't you see, the house is on a slope facing the south-east? You get the mornin' sun and southern breeze. Some people don't know what they 're worth; but I, who've lived here all my life, know they 're worth payin' for. Again, you see, the ground slopes off to the creek yonder. That means good drainage. We don't have any malarial here, and that fact is worth as much as the farm, for I would n't take a section of the Garden of Eden if there was malarial around."

"On' your honor, now, Mr. Jones, how far away is the corner where they have the malaria?"

"Well, it's not a mile."



"YOU DON'T COME TO THE COUNTRY TO AMUSE YOURSELF, BUT TO MAKE A LIVIN'."

I laughed as I said, "I shall have one neighbor, it seems, to whom I can lend an umbrella."

"Then you 'll take the place?"

"Yes, if my wife is as well satisfied as I am. I

want you to give me the refusal of it for one week at the price you named."

"Agreed; and I'll put it in black and white."

Mrs. Smith made a striking contrast to her husband, for she first impressed me as being short, red, and round; but her friendly, bustling ways and hearty welcome soon added other and very pleasant impressions; and when she placed a great dish of fricasseed chicken on the table, she won a goodwill which her neighborly kindness has steadily increased.

Never was a traveler from a remote foreign clime listened to with more breathless interest than I as I related my adventures at our late supper after my return. Mousie looked almost feverish in her excitement, and Winnie and Bobsey exploded with merriment over the name of the mountain that would be one of our nearest neighbors. They dubbed the place "Schunemunks" at once. Merton put on serious and sportsman-like airs as he questioned me, and it was evident that he expected to add largely to our income by means of the game he should kill. I did not take much pains to dispel his illusions, knowing that one day's tramp would do this, and that he would bring back increased health and strength, if nothing else.

No fairy-tale had ever absorbed the children as did the description of that old house and its surroundings, and when at last they were induced to retire, I said to my wife, after explaining the whole matter:

"It all depends on you. If you wish, we will go up there together on the first pleasant day, so that you can see for yourself before we decide."

She laughed as she said, "I decided, two minutes after you arrived."

"How is that?"

"I saw you had the place in your eyes. Oh, Robert! I can read you like a book. You give in to me in little things, and that pleases a woman, you know. You must decide a question like this, for it is a question of support for us all; and you can do better on a place that suits you than on one never quite to your mind. It has grown more and more clear to me all the evening that you have fallen in love with the old place,—and that settles it."

"Well, you women have a way of your own of deciding a question."

So we chose our country home. The small patrimony, to which we had added but little—(indeed, we had often denied ourselves in order not to diminish it)—was nearly all to be invested in the farm, and a debt was also to be incurred. While yielding to my fancy, I believed that I had, at the same time, chosen wisely; for, as John Jones said, the mature fruit-trees on the place would begin to yield returns very soon.

We were now all eager to get away, and the weather favored our wishes. A warm rain with a high south wind set in, and the ice disappeared from the river as if by magic. I learned that the afternoon boat which touched at Maizeville would begin its trips the following week.

I told my wife about the furniture which still remained in the house, and the prices which John Jones put upon it. We therefore found that we could dispose of a number of bulky articles in our city apartments, and save a goodly sum in cartage and freight. Like soldiers short of ammunition, we had to make every dollar tell; and when, by thought and management, we could save a little, it was talked over as a triumph to be proud of.

The children entered into the spirit of the thing with great zest. They were all going to be hardy pioneers. One evening I described the landing of the "Mayflower," and some of the New England winters that followed, and they wished to come down to Indian meal at once as a steady diet. Indeed, toward the last, we did come down to rather plain fare; for, in packing up one thing after another, we finally reached the cooking utensils.

On the morning of the day preceding the one set apart for our departure, I began to use military figures of speech, and said:

"Now we must get into marching order and prepare to break camp. Soldiers, you know, when about to move, dispose of all their heavy baggage, cook several days' provisions, pack up and load on wagons what they mean to take with them, and start. It is a trying time—one that requires the exercise of good soldierly qualities, such as prompt obedience, indifference to hardship and discomfort, and especially courage in meeting whatever happens."

Thus the children's imaginations were kindled, and our prosaic breaking up and moving became a time of great excitement.

Bobsey, however, passed at last beyond patience and management. The very spirit of mischief seemed to have entered his excited little brain. He untied bundles, placed things where they were in the way, and pestered the busy mother with so many questions, that I hit upon a decided measure to keep him quiet. I told him about a great commander who, in an important fight, was strapped to a mast so that he could oversee everything, and then I tied the little fellow in a chair. At first he was much elated, and chattered like a magpie; but when, after a few moments, he found he was not to be released, he began to howl for freedom. I then carried him, chair and all, to one of the rear rooms. Soon his cries ceased, and tender-hearted Mousie stole after him. Returning, she said, with her low laugh:

"He'll be good now, for a while; he's sound asleep."

The last night in the city flat was in truth like camping out, and we looked and felt like emigrants. But the fatigues of the day brought us sound sleep, and in the morning we rose with the dawn, from our shake-downs on the floor, and eagerly and hopefully began our final preparations for departure. In response to my letters, John Jones had promised to meet us at the Maizeville

apetites. We soon reached the crowded dock, and the great steamer appeared to be a part of it, lying along its length with its several gangways, over which boxes, barrels, and packages were being hustled on board with perpetual din. The younger children were a little awed at first by the

noise and apparent confusion. Mousie kept close to my side, and even Bobsey clung to his mother's hand. The extended upper cabin with the state-rooms opening along its sides was as comfortable as a floating parlor with its arm and rocking chairs; and here, not far from a great heater, we established our headquarters. I made the children locate the spot carefully, and said:

"From this point we'll make excursions. In the first place, Merton, you come with me and see that all our household effects are together and in good order. You must learn to travel and look after things like a man."

After spending a little time in arranging our goods so that they would be safer and more compact, we went to the captain and laughingly told him we were emigrants to Maizeville, and hoped before long to send a good deal of produce by his boat, and therefore we wanted him to "lump" us, goods, children, and all, and deliver us safely

at the Maizeville wharf for as small a sum as possible.

He good-naturedly agreed, and I found that the chief stage of our journey would involve less outlay than I expected.

Thus far all had gone so well that I began to fear that a change must take place soon, in order that our experience should be more like the common lot of humanity. When at last I took all the children out on the after-deck to remove the first edge of their curiosity, I saw that there was at least



THE COMMANDER GOES TO SLEEP.

landing with his strong covered rockaway, and to have a fire in the old farm-house. Load after load was dispatched to the boat; for I preferred to deal with one trusty truckman. Then, when all had been taken away, we said good-bye to our neighbors and took the horse-cars to the boat, making our quiet exit in the least costly way. I knew the boat would be warm and comfortable, and proposed that we should eat our lunch there.

The prospect, however, of seeing the wharves, the boats, and the river, destroyed even children's

an ominous change occurring in the weather. The day had begun mildly, and there had been a lull in the usual March winds. Now a scud of clouds was drifting swiftly in from the eastward, and chilly, fitful gusts began to moan and sigh about us. A storm was coming, evidently, and my hope was that we might reach our haven before it began. I kept my fears to myself, and we watched the long lines of carts converging toward the gang-planks of our own and other steam-boats.

"See, youngsters," I cried, "all this means commerce. These loads and loads of things will soon be at stores and homes up the river, supplying the various needs of people. To-morrow the residents along the river will bring what they have to sell to this same boat, and by daylight the following morning other carts will be carrying country produce and manufactured articles all over the city. Thus, you see, commerce is made by people supplying themselves and each other with what they need. Just as soon as we can bring down a crate of strawberries and send it to Mr. Bogart, we shall be adding to the commerce of the world in the best way. We shall become what are called the producers; and were it not for this class, the world would soon come to an end."

"'Rah!' cried Bobsey, 'I'm goin' to be a p'oducer.'"

He promised, however, to be a consumer for a long time to come, especially of patience. His native fearlessness soon asserted itself, and he wanted to go everywhere and see everything, asking questions about machinery, navigation, river craft, the contents of every box, bale, or barrel we saw, till I felt I was being used like a town pump, and I pulled him back to the cabin, resolving to stop his questioning, for a time at least, with the contents of our lunch-basket.

Winnie was almost as bad, or as good, perhaps I should say; for, however great the wear and tear on me might be, I knew that these active little brains were expanding to receive a host of new ideas.

Mousie was quiet as usual, and made no trouble; but I saw with renewed hope that this excursion into the world inspired in her a keen and natural interest. Ever since the project of country life had been decided upon, the listless, weary look had been giving place to one of greater animation. The hope of flowers and a garden had fed her life like a deep hidden spring.

To Merton I had given larger liberty, and had said, "It is not necessary for you to stay with me all the time. Come and go on the boat and wharf as you wish. Pick up what knowledge you can; all I ask is that you will use good sense in keeping out of trouble and danger."

I soon observed that he was making acquaint-

ances here and there, and asking questions which would go far to make good his loss of schooling for a time. Finding out about what one sees is, in my belief, one of the best ways of getting an education. The trouble with most of us is that we accept too much of what we see without inquiry or knowledge.

The children were much interested in scenes witnessed from the side of the boat farthest from the wharf. Here in the inclosed water-space were several kinds of craft, but the most curious in their eyes was a group of canal-boats—"queer traveling houses," Mousie called them, for it was evident that each one had a family on board, and the little entrance to the hidden cabin was like a hole, from which men, women, and children came like rabbits out of a burrow. Tough, hardy, bare-footed children were everywhere. While we were looking, one frowzy-headed little girl popped up from her burrow, in the boat, and with legs and feet as red as a boiled lobster, ran along the guards like a squirrel along a fence.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mousie, "I'd rather live in a city flat than in such a house."

"I think it would be splendid," protested Winnie, "to live in a traveling house. You could go all over, and still stay at home."

I was glad on our return to find my wife dozing in her chair. She was determined to spend in rest the hours on the boat, and had said that Mousie, also, must be quiet much of the afternoon.

Between three and four the crush on the wharf became very great; horses and drays were so mixed up that to inexperienced eyes it would seem that they could never be untangled. People of every description, loaded down with parcels, were hurrying on board, and from our point of view it appeared that American women shared with their French sisters an aptness for trade. Among the passengers were not a few substantial, matronly persons who apparently could look the world in the face and get the better of it.

As four P. M. approached, I took the children to a great glass window in the cabin, through which we could see the massive machinery.

"Now," said I, "watch the steel giant; he is motionless, but in a moment or two he will move."

True enough, he appeared to take a long breath of steam, and then slowly lifted his polished arms, or levers, and the boat that had been like a part of the wharf began to act as if it were alive and were waking up.

"Now," I asked, "shall we go to the after-deck and take our last look at the city, or forward and see the river and whither we are going?"

"Forward! forward!" cried all in chorus.

"That's the difference between youth and age," I thought. "With the young it is always 'forward';" but we found that we could not go out on the forward deck, for the wind would have carried away my light, frail Mousie, like a feather. Indeed, it was whistling a wild tune as we stood in a small room with glass windows all round. The waves were crowned with foaming white-caps, and the small craft that had to be out in the gale were bobbing up and down, as if possessed. On the river was a strange and lurid light, which seemed to come more from the dashing water than from the sky, so dark was the latter with skurrying clouds.

Mousie clung timidly to my side, but I re-assured her by saying:

"See how steadily, how evenly and boldly, our great craft goes out on the wide river! In the same

the scene, especially Winnie, whose bold black eyes flashed with excitement.

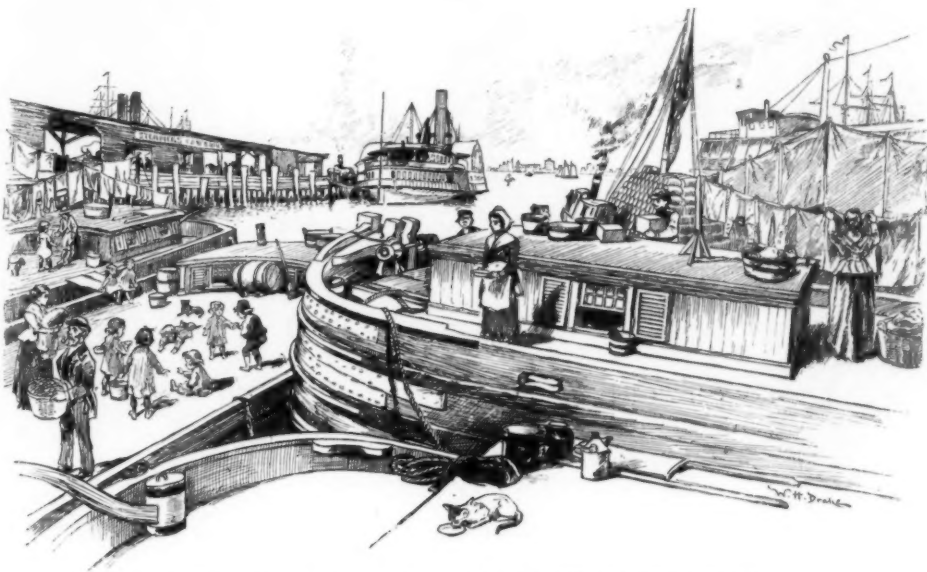
"I want to see everything, and know everything," she said.

"I wish you to see and know about things like these," I replied; "but not such things as Melissa Daggett would show you."

I confess that I did not like the looks of the sky or of the snow-flakes that began to whirl in the air, but the strong steamer plowed her way rapidly past the city and the villa-crowned shores beyond. The gloom of the storm and early coming night was over all, and from the distant western shore the Palisades frowned dimly through the obscurity.

My wife came and, after a brief glance, shivered and was turning away, when I said, "You don't like your first glimpse of the country, Winifred?"

"It will look differently next June. The chil-



"MOST CURIOUS OF ALL WERE THE CANAL-BOATS—'QUEER TRAVELING HOUSES.'"

way we must go forward, and never be afraid. These boats run every day, after the ice disappears, and they are managed by men who know what to do in all sorts of weather."

She smiled, but whispered, "I think I'll go back and stay with mamma;" but she soon found much amusement in looking at passing scenes from the windows of the warm after-cabin—scenes that were like pictures set in oval frames.

But the other children appeared fascinated by

dren will take cold here. Let them come and watch the machinery."

This we all did for a time, and then I took them on excursions about the inclosed parts of the boat. The lamps were already lighted, and the piled-up freight stood out in grotesque light and shadow.

Before very long we were standing by one of the furnace rooms, and a sooty-visaged man threw open the iron doors of the furnace. In the glare of light that rushed forth, everything near stood out

almost as vividly as it would have done in a steady gleam of lightning. The fireman instantly became a startling silhouette, and the coal that he shoveled into what was like the flaming mouth of a cavern seemed sparkling black diamonds. The snow-flakes glimmered as the wind swept them by the wide-open window, and in the distance were seen the lights and dim outline of another boat going toward the city. Clang! the iron doors are shut, and all is obscure again.

"Now the boat has had its supper," said Bobsey. "Oh, dear, I wish we could have a big hot supper."

I made up my mind that it would be good economy for us all to have a hearty hot supper, as Bobsey had suggested; and when, at last, the gong resounded through the boat, we trooped down with the others to the lower cabin, where there were several long tables with colored waiters in attendance. We had not been in these lower regions before, and the eyes of the children soon wandered from their plates to the berths, or sleeping-bunks, which lined the sides of the cabin.

"Yes," I replied, in answer to their questions, "it is a big supper-room now, but by and by it



"SCENES THAT WERE LIKE PICTURES SET IN OVAL FRAMES."

The smoking-room door stood open, and we lingered near it for some moments, attracted first by a picture of a great fat ox, that suggested grassy meadows, plowing, juicy steaks, and other pleasant things. Then our attention was drawn to a man, evidently a cattle-dealer, who was holding forth to others more or less akin to him in their pursuits.

As time passed, the storm increased, and the air became so thick with driving snow that the boat's speed was slackened, and occasionally we "slowed up" for some moments. The passengers shook their heads and remarked, dolefully, "There 's no telling when we 'll arrive."

will be a big bedroom, and people will be tucked away in these berths just as if they were laid on shelves, one over the other."

The abundant and delicious supper gave each of us solid comfort and satisfaction. Bobsey ate until the passengers around him were laughing; but he, with superb indifference, attended strictly to business.

My wife whispered, "You must all eat enough to last a week, for I sha'n't have time to cook anything;" and I was much pleased at the good example which she and Mousie set us.

Both before and after supper, I conducted Bob-

sey to the wash-room, and he made the people laugh as he stood on a chair and washed his face. But he was a sturdy little fellow, and only laughed back when a man said he looked as though he was going to dive into the basin.

Mousie at last began to show signs of fatigue; and learning that it would be several hours still before we could hope to arrive, so severe was the storm, I procured the use of a state-room, and soon Bobsey was snoring in the upper berth, and my invalid girl smiling and talking in low tones to her mother in the lower couch. Winnie, Merton, and I prowled around, spending the time as best we could. Occasionally we looked through the windows at the bow, and wondered how the pilot could find his way through the tempest. I confess I had fears lest he might not find his way, and felt that I should be grateful indeed when my little band was safe on shore. The people in charge of the boat, however, knew their business.

At last we were fast at the Maizeville landing, although long after the usual hour of arrival. I was anxious, indeed, to learn whether John Jones would meet us, or whether, believing that we would not come in such a storm, and tired of waiting, he had gone home and left us to find such shelter as we could.

But there he was, looking in the light of the lanterns as grizzled as old Time himself, with his eyebrows and beard full of snow-flakes. He and I hastily carried the three younger children ashore through the driving snow, and put them in a corner of the storehouse, while Merton followed with his mother.

"Mr. Jones," I exclaimed, "you are a neighbor to be proud of already. Why did n't you go home and leave us to our fate?"

"Well," he replied, laughing, "'t would n't take you long to get snowed under to-night. No, no, when I catch fish I mean to land 'em. I did n't know but in such a roarin' storm you might be inclined to stay on the boat and go back to the city. Then where would my bargain be?"

"No fear of that. We're in for it now—we've enlisted for the war. What shall we do?"

"Well, I hardly know—one thing first, anyhow. We must get Mrs. Durham and the children into the warm waitin'-room, and then look after your traps."

The room was already crowded, but we squeezed them in, white from scarcely more than a moment's exposure to the storm. Then we took hold and gave the deck-hands a lift with my baggage, Merton showing much manly spirit in his readiness to face the weather and the work. My effects were soon piled up by themselves, and then we held a council.

"Mrs. Durham 'll hardly want to face this storm with the children," began Mr. Jones.

"Are you going home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I'd rather travel all night for the sake of being home in the morning."

"To tell the truth, I feel in the same way," I continued, "but reason must hold the reins. Do you think you could protect Mrs. Durham and the children from the storm?"

"Yes, I think we could tuck 'em in so they'd scarcely know it was snowin', and then we could sled your things up in the mornin'. 'Commodations on the landin' to-night will be pretty crowded."

"We 'll let her decide, then."

When I explained how things were and what Mr. Jones had said, she exclaimed, "Oh, let us go home."

How my heart jumped at her use of the word "home," in regard to a place that she had never seen. "But, Winifred," I urged, "do you realize how bad a night it is? Do you think it would be safe for Mousie?"

"It is n't so very cold if one is not exposed to the wind and snow," she replied, "and Mr. Jones says we need n't be exposed. I don't believe we'd run as much risk as in going to a little hotel, the best rooms of which are already taken. Since we can do it, it will be so much nicer to go to a place that we feel is our own!"

"I must say that your wishes accord with mine."

"Oh, I knew that," she replied, laughing.

"Mr. Jones," she added, sociably, "this man has a way of telling you what he wishes by his looks before asking your opinion."

"I found that out, the day he came up to see the place," chuckled my neighbor. "He don't know how to make a bargain any more than one of the children there. I'll go to the shed and get the hosses, and we 'll make a pull for home. I don't believe you 'll be sorry when you get there."

Mr. Jones came around to the very door with the rockaway, and we did tuck my wife and children under the buffalo robes and blankets, until they could hardly breathe; and then we started out into the white, spectral world, for the wind had coated everything with the soft, wet snow. On we went at a slow walk, for the snow and mud were both deep, and the wheeling was very heavy. Even John Jones's loquacity was checked, for every time he opened his mouth, the wind half filled it with snow. Some one ahead of us, with a lantern, guided our course for a mile or so through the dense obscurity, and then he turned off on another road. At first I hailed one and another in the black cavern of the rockaway back of me, and their muffled voices would answer, "All right."

But one after another they ceased to answer me, until all except my wife were fast asleep. She insisted that she was only very drowsy, but I knew that she also was very, very tired. Indeed, I felt, myself, in a way that frightened me, the strange desire to sleep that overcomes those long exposed to cold and wind.

I must have been nodding and swaying around rather loosely, when I felt myself going heels over head into the snow. As I picked myself up I heard my wife and children screaming, and John Jones shouting to his horses, "Git up," while at the same time he lashed them with his whip. My face was so plastered with snow that I could see only a dark object which was evidently being dragged violently out of a ditch, for when the level road was reached, Mr. Jones shouted, "Whoa."

"Robert, are you hurt?" cried my wife.

"No; are you?"

"Not a bit, but I'm frightened to death."

Then John Jones gave a hearty guffaw.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"I'm here; have n't the remotest idea where you be," replied Mr. Jones.

"You are a philosopher," I said, groping my way through the storm toward his voice.

"I believe I was a big fool for tryin' to get home such a night as this; but now that we've set about it, we'd better get there. That's right. Scramble in and take the reins. Here's my mittens."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to light and smell out the road. This is equal to any Western blizzard I've heard of yet."

"How far have we got to go now?"

"Half a mile, as nigh as I can make out," was the reply; and we jogged on again.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" Mousie asked me.

"Sure; it was like tumbling into a feather bed."

"Stop a bit," cried Mr. Jones. "There's a turn in the road here. Let me go on a little and lay out your course."

"Oh, I wish we had staid anywhere under shelter," said my wife.

"Courage," I cried; "when home, we'll laugh over this."

"Now," shouted Mr. Jones, "veer gradually

off to the left, toward my voice—all right." And we jogged off again, stopping from time to time to let our invisible guide explore the road.

Once more he cried, "Stop a minute."

The wind roared and shrieked around us, and it was growing colder. With a chill of fear I thought, "could John Jones have mistaken the road?" and I remembered how four people and a pair of horses had been frozen within a few yards of a house in a Western snow-storm.

"Are you cold, children?" I asked.

"Yes, we're freezing," sobbed Winnie. "I don't like the country one bit."

"This is different from the Eden of which we have been dreaming," I thought grimly. Then I shouted: "How much farther, Mr. Jones?"

The howling of the wind was my only answer. I shouted again. The increasing violence of the tempest was the only response.

"Robert," cried my wife, "I don't hear Mr. Jones's voice."

"He has only gone on a little to explore," I replied, although my teeth chattered with cold and fear. "Halloo—oo!" I shouted. The answering shriek of the wind in the trees overhead chilled my very heart.

"What has become of Mr. Jones?" asked my wife, and there was almost anguish in her tone, while Winnie and Bobsey were really crying.

"Well, my dear," I tried to say, re-assuringly, "even if he were very near to us, we could neither see nor hear him."

Moments passed which seemed like ages, and I scarcely knew what to do. The absence of all signs of Mr. Jones filled me with a nameless and unspeakable dread. Could anything have happened to him? Could he have lost his way and fallen into some hole or over some steep bank. If I drove on, we might tumble after him and perish, maimed and frozen, in the wreck of the wagon. One imagines all sorts of horrible things when alone and helpless at night.

"Papa," cried Merton, "I'll get out and look for Mr. Jones!"

"You are a good, brave boy," I replied. "No, you hold the reins, and I'll look for him and see what is just before us."

Just then there was a glimmer of light off to the left.

(To be continued.)



WARK! WARK!
HEAR THE DOGS BARK.
THE BEGGARS ARE
ASKING FOR CAKE.
HERE IS FIDO AND "TRAMP"
"PUG" TATTERS AND "SCAMP"
AND ON! WHAT A NOISE
THEY CAN MAKE.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOSE OF A CONGRESS.

WHEN the Government gets its fingers around any money, it closes them with the grip of a giant. It goes on serenely collecting millions of dollars, but not a cent will it expend unless Congress so declare in form of law. This rule is inexorable. No matter how just may be the claims upon its treasury, however great may be the necessity of its creditors or urgency of its own wants,—it cannot buy a loaf of bread to keep the pangs of hunger from its own door. It is as helpless as a shipwrecked millionaire floating aimlessly about in mid-ocean on a broken spar. All that it can do is to balance its bank account,—and wait for help. † As Congress has the sole right to say what money shall go into the national vaults, so it has the sole right to say what, if any, shall come out. It holds the purse-strings of the treasury, and it, alone, can loosen them when it may see fit.

The enormous running expenses of the government must therefore be provided for by Congress. This is done by the yearly enactment of what

are styled the General Appropriation Bills—about twelve in number. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill relates to the pay of members and employés of Congress; of the President, and the officers and clerks of executive departments; of the Judges of the Federal courts, and various incidental expenses. The Army, the Navy, the Diplomatic service, the Indians,—these and other subjects are each provided for by separate bills, and a lot of odds and ends go into the Sundry Civil Bill. As the Congressmen are not very good fortune-tellers, there is invariably a huge Deficiency Bill to meet expenses unprovided for by the appropriation laws of the preceding year. These laws provide only for the service during a single "fiscal year," and, as they cease to operate upon the 30th of every June, the failure of Congress to pass these annual bills would seriously embarrass public affairs. The President, the judges, the thousands of other officials, the law-makers themselves, would have to go without their pay.

On account of the importance of these bills, they are given precedence over all other measures, and,

† "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time." CONSTITUTION, Article I, Sec. 9, Cl. 7.

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from the time they are reported by the House Committee on Appropriations (which attends to their preparation),* they absorb the attention of each body almost daily during the remainder of the session.

As the Forty-second Congress was to terminate on the fourth of March, 1873, both Houses became very industrious after the counting of the electoral votes in February. When the general appropriation bills were not under consideration, each House occupied itself much of the time with the "calendar;"† and private and other unobjectionable bills were passed by the wholesale, as rapidly as the clerk could read them and the presiding officer could put the necessary formal questions. By a private bill is meant one for the benefit of some individual, as distinguished from a bill affecting the interests of the general public. This distinction divides the laws of Congress into two classes—Private Laws and Public Laws, the latter being also called Statutes-at-Large. And I may here tell you another interesting fact. When a Congress expires on a fourth of March, all the bills and other matters left undisposed of become absolutely dead. The next Congress enters upon its work of legislation with a new and clear record and with hands quite free; old bills must either *stay* dead, or be re-introduced and go through the customary stages of examination in order to become laws. Some people know this to their sorrow. I still recognize bills that have been in Congress for years. Some of them would pass one House and get through the other just on the eve of the dissolution of a Congress, but too late to get the approval of the President; and they would have to begin over again in the next Congress, and probably not be able to do more than pass one House. To expedite such matters, the President always goes to the Capitol during the closing hours of a session, accompanied by his Cabinet, private secretary, and clerks, occupying a room set apart for his use near the Senate Chamber. As fast as Acts of Congress are submitted to him, he considers them, and his private secretary notifies the House or the Senate of his action concerning them, thus saving much time.

Well, as I have said, we were in the dying days of the Forty-second Congress, and in order that you may form an idea of the labor of the Senate at this time, I will give you a few statistics upon the subject.

Let us begin with the last week in February.‡ The Senate met at eleven o'clock on the morning

of Monday, the twenty-fourth of that month. It remained in session until five o'clock in the afternoon, when a recess was taken until seven o'clock. After re-assembling, it sat until forty-six minutes after eleven o'clock at night. (Nearly eleven hours of actual work.) The senators evidently obtained a tolerably good night's rest, for they were again on hand, at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, ready for business. They sat until five, took a recess for two hours, adjourning at fifty-five minutes past ten. (About ten hours of work.) On Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, they assembled at eleven, took a recess from five to seven, and adjourned at twenty-four minutes after twelve o'clock. (Eleven hours and a half of work.) Thursday, the Senate again convened at eleven, took the usual recess, and continued in session all night long, adjourning at fifty-five minutes past seven o'clock Friday morning, to meet at one o'clock the same day. (A session of eighteen hours and three-quarters, not counting the recess.) It met at one o'clock on Friday afternoon, took a recess at five o'clock for only half an hour, adjourning at twenty minutes past one o'clock at night. (About thirteen hours of severe mental application.) On Saturday, the first of March, it met at eleven o'clock, at five a recess was taken until seven in the evening, at seven it re-assembled and remained in session until twenty minutes past four o'clock Sunday morning, when it took another recess until seven o'clock that evening. Many of the senators were opposed to sitting on Sunday, but the majority considered it absolutely necessary. So, at seven o'clock (when they would otherwise have been preparing to go to evening church), they were again called to order, continuing their deliberations until fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock Monday morning, March third, adjourning to meet again that morning at ten o'clock instead of eleven. These twenty hours and thirty-five minutes of work, although made up of parts of three different days, all belonged to the session of Saturday. This session constituted a "legislative" day, and you thus see that a legislative day may really consume several of our ordinary days. It is rather confusing to talk of the proceedings of Monday morning, March third, as the proceedings of Saturday, March first, but that is the way it appears in the record.

Well, at ten o'clock on Monday, March third, the Senate began its last day's session, that was destined to contain nineteen hours and a half of solid labor. At five o'clock a recess was taken

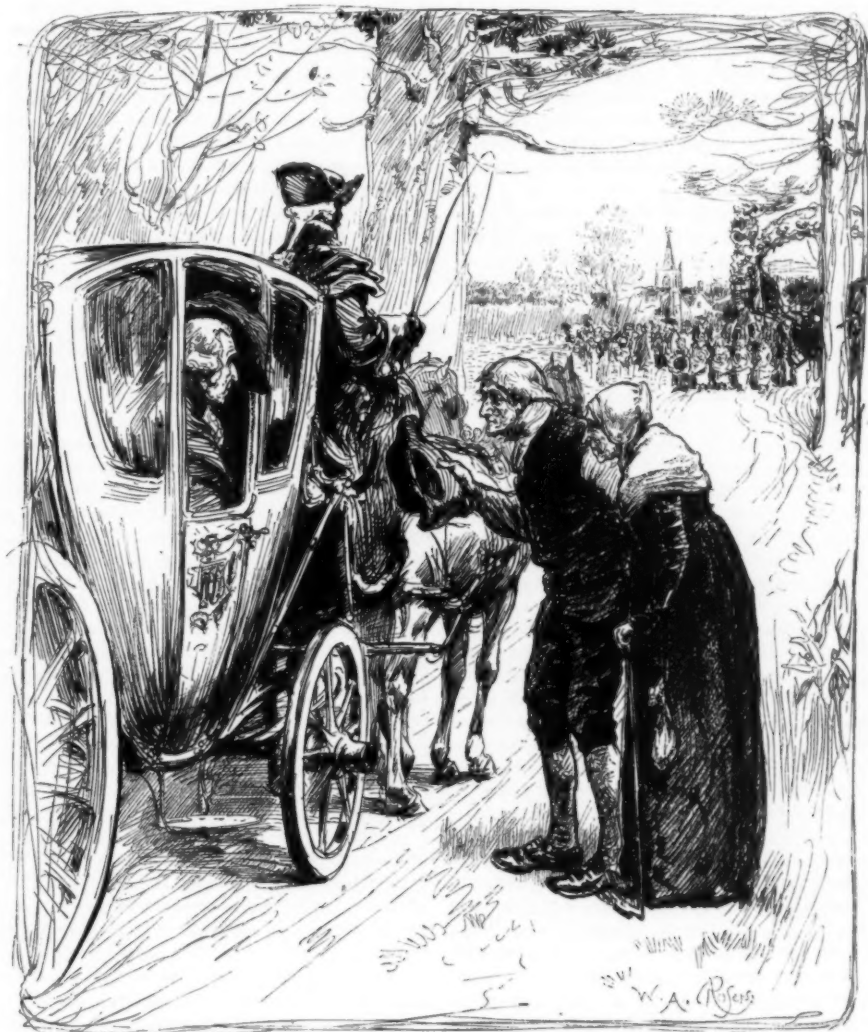
* The House, with the acquiescence of the Senate, has long exercised the right to originate these bills. A spirited contest, growing out of the deadlock on the Naval Bill, has been recently waged between the two bodies of Congress respecting this usage, or "right." The House now claims that it is a Constitutional power, conferred by the provision as to "revenue" measures, and that the inclination of the Senate to introduce appropriation bills is an act of usurpation.

† The "calendar" is a list of measures ready for action, upon which, unless otherwise ordered, bills and resolutions are placed, when properly reported, to be taken up and considered in their order.

‡ 1873.

until seven. Upon re-assembling, all were indeed kept busy. The members of the House were working equally as hard in the passage of bills, the clerk of that body appearing in the Senate

senator struggling with might and main to secure the consideration of this or that bill in which his constituents were interested. Thus it continued all night, and at five o'clock on the morning of Thurs-



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON ON THE WAY TO HIS INAUGURATION. (SEE PAGE 390.)

every few minutes with a large roll of paper and parchment, and announcing its progress in the business of making laws. No one slept that night. Each moment was precious, nearly every

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day, the fourth of March, we took a recess for four hours and a half.

When we re-assembled, it seemed as if a magician had been at work in our absence. The

Senate Chamber was filled with chairs, one being placed wherever there was space to hold it. A stream of humanity was applying for admission to the building, the doors of which were closed and guarded by officers. Finally, when the doors were opened, and those who had printed passes were allowed to enter, the crowd was so great that the galleries overflowed and the corridors became packed with people. Evidently, something unusual was about to happen.

But the proceedings of the Senate went on as busily as ever, although we had to wait a few minutes for a quorum of senators to appear. Some of them had become exhausted and had probably overslept themselves.

Very soon, distinguished officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, began to drop in quietly and take seats in the rear of the senators' desks. At about half-past eleven o'clock, Captain Bassett announced the arrival of the Diplomatic Corps, and a long line of Foreign Ambassadors filed in, headed by Blacque Bey, the Turkish minister, and "dean," or senior member, of the corps. They were assigned to seats on the Democratic side of the Chamber. They were all in court dress—dark-colored trousers with gold bands down the outer seams; coats glittering with bright buttons, lace, and gold trimmings, each Ambassador wearing a military hat, and a small straight sword like those worn by men of the upper ranks a century ago. Shortly afterward, in walked the Chief-justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in their somber magisterial robes.

In the mean time, there were goings-on outside of the Capitol that would have interested my young readers. A monster procession was advancing like a conquering army. There were soldiers on horseback and soldiers on foot—artillery and infantry; horses dragging huge cannon, and horses dragging huge fire-engines; carriages containing men in uniform, and carriages containing men in citizens' attire; a platoon of mounted police, and a battalion of marines on foot; large bodies of men belonging to State militia, and large bodies of men belonging to civic and secret organizations—with and without the paraphernalia of their orders; cadets from the Military Academy at West Point, and cadets from the Naval Academy at Annapolis,—the former dressed in gray, the latter in blue; and at distances of every one or two hundred feet were brass-bands. All these troops of men formed one mass that filled the wide thoroughfare of Pennsylvania Avenue;—with flags and banners all around, raised aloft by people in the procession, and floating from the windows and tops of houses; the air vocal with martial music, each band playing a different tune at the same

time. And from every direction, on the sidewalks, accompanying this procession, and on intersecting avenues and streets, came thousands and thousands of human beings,—men, women, and children,—while everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, were boys, boys, of all sizes and colors, "some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns,"—all marching toward the Capitol.

But to return to the Senate. In the course of their proceedings one of the senators offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, tendering thanks to Vice-President Colfax for the manner in which he had discharged the duties of chairman during the term in which he had presided over the deliberations of the Senate. As this resolution was read by the Clerk, a feeling of sadness swept over us all at the thought that soon the terms of many of the senators would expire, and that we would have to part with some of them—perhaps forever.*

But we were too busy to stay sad. Another resolution was offered and adopted, by which Senators Conkling and Trumbull were appointed a committee to join a similar committee of the House to wait upon the President of the United States, and inform him that unless he had some further communication to make, the two Houses of Congress, having finished the business before them, were ready to adjourn. Considerable business was done, however, after the appointment of the committee. But finally it returned, and Senator Conkling stated that, having called upon the President, the committee had been informed by him that he had no further communication to make.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Vice-President Colfax arose, and, stating that the hour had arrived for the dissolution of the Forty-second Congress, proceeded, with considerable emotion, to deliver a farewell address to the Senate. During the midst of this address, the hands of the clock reached the hour of twelve. Captain Bassett went to it and, mounting a ladder, turned back the longer hand a few minutes. This was a harmless trick that I have often seen played since, the minute hand being sometimes set back as much as half an hour. The senators and the Vice-President always look innocently some other way while it is being done, as if unconscious of the act. But every one else smiles at this subterfuge to gain time, and I think the senators themselves smile inwardly.

After continuing his speech for a short while, the Vice-President concluded:

"But the clock admonishes me that the Forty-second Congress has already passed into history; and wishing you, Senators, useful lives for your country and happy lives for yourselves, and thanking you for the resolution spread upon your jour-

* Even as this number is going to press, the news is received of the sudden death of Mr. Colfax.

nal, and invoking the favor of Him who holds the destinies of nations and of men in the hollow of His hand, I am ready to administer the oath of office to the Vice-President-elect, whom I now introduce."

Vice-President-elect Wilson thereupon stepped forward, amid a burst of applause, and from the Secretary's desk made a brief address; and the oath of office was administered to him by the retiring Vice-President, who then said:

"The time for the expiration of the Forty-second Congress having arrived, I declare the Senate of the United States adjourned *sine die*."*

Whereupon he gave a loud rap with his gavel and descended from the chair. With the sound of the gavel, his power as Vice-President of the United States vanished into air; but before the echo died away, Vice-President Wilson had seized the gavel, and, dealing the desk a vigorous blow, he exclaimed: "The Senate will come to order!"

And the instant that elapsed between the two descents of that little piece of ivory, marked the death of one Congress and the birth of another.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INAUGURATION.

VICE-PRESIDENT Wilson, having taken the chair, directed the secretary to read the proclamation of the President convening a special session of the Senate. As you may wish to know what the proclamation looked like, I will give it here in full:

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, objects of interest to the United States require that the Senate should be convened at twelve o'clock on the fourth of March next, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive:

"Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, have considered it to be my duty to issue this, my proclamation, declaring that an extraordinary occasion requires the Senate of the United States to convene for the transaction of business at the Capitol, in the city of Washington, on the fourth day of March next, at twelve o'clock at noon on that day, of which all who shall at that time be entitled to act as members of that body are hereby required to take notice.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the United States, at Washington, the twenty-first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-seventh.

[Great seal of the United States.]

"By the President:

"HAMILTON FISH,

"Secretary of State."

"U. S. GRANT.

The secretary then read the names of the newly elected senators—eight of the old members being re-elected, and fifteen of the incomers being new

members. As their names were called, those who were present came forward and the oaths were administered to them, each senator-elect being escorted to the Vice-President's desk by the ex-senator to whose place he had succeeded. This was another instance of that senatorial courtesy of which one hears so much said. The roll being called, it appeared that sixty-four senators were in attendance.

Here the arrival of the President of the United States was announced, and, escorted by Senators Cragin, Logan, and Bayard, of the Committee on Arrangements, he was shown to a seat immediately in front of the secretary's desk, the members of the committee being seated on each side. His Cabinet followed and took seats near by, facing the Vice-President. As this party entered, a crowd of prominent officials and guests swarmed into the room. The House of Representatives had adjourned *sine die* at twelve o'clock. The members of that House, and many of those elected to the next, added to the throng, the chairs were rapidly filled, and many persons had to stand.

A procession was then ordered by the Vice-President to form as follows:

"The Marshal of the Supreme Court.

"Ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents.

"The Supreme Court of the United States.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

"The Committee of Arrangements.

"The President of the United States and the President-elect.†

"The Vice-President and the Secretary of the Senate.

"The members of the Senate.

"The Diplomatic Corps.

"Members of the Cabinet and the Solicitor-General.

"Ex-members of the House of Representatives, and members-elect of the Forty-third Congress.

"Governors of States.

"Officers of the Army and Navy.

"Other persons admitted to the floor of the Senate Chamber and to the reserved seats at the left of the Diplomatic Gallery."

The column soon began to move, and would have been truly formidable in its appearance—with so many law-makers and dignitaries of the Government, not to speak of the sworded Diplomats, and the officers of the army and navy—had it not been for the ladies who joined it. Their presence, in gay creations of Fashion, and their laughter and talking, utterly prevented that im-

*These words (translated "without day"—that is, without naming a definite day for re-assembling) mean, when applied to the adjournment of a Congress, "forever," because every Congress, by what is known as the "Constitutional limitation," must come to an end on the 4th of March, as shown in a previous chapter. The words are also used, however, upon the final adjournment of every session, in which case it is understood that the body will re-assemble on the first Monday of the following December unless sooner convened by proclamation of the President. The House, for instance, did not meet again that year until December. The Senate immediately entered on a special session, having been convened by a proclamation of President Grant.

†As President Grant had been re-elected, the "President of the United States" and the "President-elect" were, at the inauguration which I am describing, one and the same individual.

pressive and ferocious effect which I had hoped to see produced, and to increase which I had joined the ranks, enveloped in wrappings that completely concealed all of me except my two eyes.

Reaching the rotunda we turned to the left and proceeded to the platform erected over the east and central steps of the Capitol. And there before our view was the mass that had been congregating during the morning—the cannon and fire-engines, horses, flags, and banners, jumbled together with the soldiers and citizens.

Advancing to the front of the platform, General Grant, with uncovered head, began to read an address. I do not suppose one person in a hundred on the stand heard a word he said. I managed—how I can not say—to get a position within a few feet of the speaker, and yet heard very little of his speech. What, then, could have interested that vast concourse assembled there, braving the inclement weather, and beyond the sound of the speaker's voice? Perched in the trees in the opposite park, like squirrels and monkeys, were the boys,—“the woods were full of them.” I could understand why *they* were there, because I would have been there myself had I not been on the grand stand. I could comprehend also why the soldiers were there, because they had probably been ordered to be there and had obeyed the demands of military duty. The cannon, flags, and other inanimate and irresponsible things were, of course, not to be criticised. But I wondered what it was that had brought out so many old and young men,—American citizens,—not to speak of the women. It was a bitter cold day, the piercing wind every now and then hurling into their faces clouds of dust. Yet there they had stood patiently waiting for hours, regardless of the cold, each wedged fast in the surging, suffocating crowd, treading on one another's feet, jostling one another's elbows, and enduring pain generally. What could have been their motive? Surely not to hear. Was it to see—to see a thousand people, as miserably cold as themselves, stand, motionless, for a few minutes upon a board platform, decorated with bunting, while another man moved his lips apparently in speech? Yes, we have guessed it. That was what it actually amounted to. But, theoretically, it would be stated differently—it was to see a fellow-countryman formally assume the important trust of President of the United States. It was mingled curiosity and patriotism on the part of the populace; and,

on the part of General Grant, this public ceremony was proper as an acknowledgment of the power and supremacy of the people who had again raised him to that exalted office.

Concluding his address with expressions of gratitude for the honor conferred upon him, he turned to the Chief-justice, Chase, took the oath prescribed by the Constitution,* and, having kissed the open Bible, he bowed to the multitude. It was finished. A President had been inaugurated for the twenty-second time in the history of the Union.† As a hundred thousand throats vociferated their cheers, the persons on the platform dispersed, the senators returning to the Chamber to resume the session so strangely interrupted. The military and civic procession reorganized, and, receiving into its line the carriage which the President had entered, drawn by four mouse-colored horses, it resumed its march, and, amid the booming of guns, the ringing of bells, and the huzzas of the people, it escorted him in triumph to the Executive Mansion—his residence for another term of four years, as the Chief Magistrate of the greatest and mightiest republic in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

•TWO OTHER INAUGURATIONS.

IN view of the impending inauguration on the fourth of March (the twenty-fifth in the history of the Government, and of the twenty-second President of the United States), a sketch of the first and latest of those grand events may be of interest.

The installation of a President in our day does not, after all, differ much from those of former times. Of course, we must make allowance for the advanced condition of the present era. The eighteenth century was that of stage-coaches and couriers; the nineteenth is that of railways and electricity. Then New York was a provincial, unpaved town; Washington city unknown; the western portion of our country a vast, unbroken wilderness and solitude. Now New York is the financial center, the glorious metropolis of the Union, one of the grandest emporiums of the world; Washington has budded into a fairy-like existence; the hum of industry is heard from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the golden gate of the Pacific. The day on which Washington was

*“Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

“I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.”—CONSTITUTION, Article 2, Sec. 1, Cl. 7.

† This second inauguration of General Grant is recorded as the twenty-second, reckoned by Presidential terms of four years. He was, however, the eighteenth President—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Lincoln, having been each elected to a second term; and Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, succeeding, as Vice-Presidents, to the chair made vacant respectively by Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. Vice-President Arthur, who became Chief Magistrate upon the death of Garfield, is thus the twenty-first President of the United States.

inaugurated was given up to public rejoicings, and its evening sky was made brilliant with fire-works and bonfires. The demonstrations on the day when Garfield took the chair were equally sincere, and at night the event was celebrated by pyrotechnics and illuminations, culminating in a grand inaugural ball, attended by the President and all the notabilities of State, and lasting to the early hours of morning.

The first inauguration of President Washington took place on Thursday, the 30th of April, 1789, in the city of New York. The ceremonies of Washington's second and John Adams's first inauguration were held in Philadelphia. The seat of government was subsequently changed, and, since then, the inaugural ceremonies have been conducted in the city of Washington, the oath of office being administered (generally by the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court), sometimes in the Senate Chamber, at other times in the hall of the House of Representatives, but, from the time of Van Buren to the time of Garfield, uniformly on the eastern portico of the Capitol. True, there have been occasional departures from certain formalities. Originally the oath was taken first, the address then made; now the order is reversed. The most serious innovations were made by Jefferson. He was a rigid adherent to simplicity. He preferred that the Committee of Congress, appointed to notify him of his election, should send the notice through the mail, as being more in accordance with the Democratic institutions of the country; he rode quietly to the Capitol on his horse, tied it to a paling, entered the building, and took the oath, and thereafter followed up his queer notions by sending his messages to Congress by the first Tom, Dick, or Harry that happened to come along. 1789 was a year of knee-breeches; 1801 a year of trousers. While we may have preserved certain traces of this change in the direction of simplicity, we are still as fond as were our forefathers of martial display and cannon, of sky-rockets and brass-bands. Let me show you the resemblance and the difference.

Upon the close of the Revolutionary War, and the final drafting of our Constitution in 1787, Washington, weary of public duties and longing for rest, retired to his beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Potomac, determined there to end his days. But the people were not willing to let him gratify his fondest wish; the ship of state had been launched for an endless ocean cruise—they looked to him to guide it through the perilous

waters of the bay. They elected him President by unanimous vote, and he complied, though with many a reluctant sigh, to their demands.

Setting out from Mount Vernon on his journey to New York, he was everywhere greeted with the most unbounded evidences of love and esteem. From Alexandria to the metropolis, his route was strewn with flowers, and the air filled with the musical ring of bells and the deafening roar of guns. "The old and young, women and children," writes Irving, his namesake and biographer, "thronged the highways to bless and welcome him. Deputations of the most respectable inhabitants from the principal places came forth to meet and escort him. When crossing the bridge to Trenton he had to pass beneath a triumphal arch of evergreens and laurels, erected by the ladies of the city; while the matrons bowed their heads in reverence, and little girls, with garlands on their brows and dressed in white, threw blossoms in his path and sang an ode expressive of their love and gratitude." "Never," says this gifted writer, "was ovation more graceful, touching, and sincere; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced."

Finally, however, he reached New York. Congress then met in a building on Wall street. The site is now occupied by one of the sub-treasuries of the Government. Upon its entrance-steps a statue of heroic size perpetuates in bronze the memory of that day.* The statue is of Washington—the stone upon which it rests is that on which he stood one hundred years ago and took the oath.

I will present the picture as painted by the master hand of Irving: †

The inauguration took place on the 30th of April. At nine o'clock in the morning there were religious services in all the churches, and prayers put up for the blessing of heaven on the new Government. At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door, and soon after the Committees of Congress and heads of department came in their carriages. At half-past twelve the procession moved forward, preceded by the troops; next came the committees and heads of department in their carriages; then Washington in a coach of state, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys, and his secretary, Mr. Lear, in his own carriage. The foreign ministers and a long train of citizens brought up the rear.

About two hundred yards before reaching the hall, Washington and his suite alighted from their carriages and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the Hall and Senate Chamber, where the Vice-President, the Senate, and House of Representatives were assembled. The Vice-President, John Adams, recently inaugurated, advanced and conducted Washington to a chair of state at the upper end of the room. A solemn silence prevailed, when the Vice-President rose and informed him that all things were prepared for him to take the oath of office required by the Constitution.

The oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State

* The statue was unveiled, with a few graceful words, by President Arthur in November, 1883,—the centennial celebration of "Evacuation Day."

† The account here given of Washington's inauguration is taken from Irving's "Life of Washington," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of New York, in a balcony, in front of the Senate Chamber, and in full view of an immense multitude occupying the street, the windows, and even the roofs of the adjacent houses. The balcony formed a kind of open recess, with lofty columns supporting the roof. In the center was a table with a covering of crimson velvet, upon which lay a superbly bound Bible on a crimson velvet cushion. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene.

All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, when, at the appointed hour, Washington made his appearance, accompanied by various public functionaries and members of the Senate and House of Representatives. He was clad in a full suit of dark-brown cloth of American manufacture, with a steel-hilted dress-sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire.

His entrance on the balcony was hailed by universal shouts. He was evidently moved by this demonstration of public affection. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand upon his heart, bowed several times, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were hushed at once into profound silence.

After a few moments Washington rose and again came forward. John Adams, the Vice-President, stood on his right; on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston; somewhat in the rear were Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox, St. Clair, the Baron Steuben, and others.

The chancellor advanced to administer the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, held up the Bible on its crimson cushion. The oath was read slowly and distinctly; Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open Bible. When it was concluded, he replied solemnly, "I swear—so help me God!" Mr. Otis would have raised the Bible to his lips, but he bowed down reverently and kissed it.

The chancellor now stepped forward, waved his hand and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" At this moment a flag was displayed on the cupola of the hall; on which signal there was a general discharge of artillery on the battery. All the bells in the city rang out a joyful peal, and the multitude rent the air with acclamations.

Washington again bowed to the people and returned into the Senate Chamber, where he delivered, to both houses of Congress, his inaugural address, characterized by his usual modesty, moderation, and good sense, but uttered with a voice deep, slightly tremulous, and so low as to demand close attention in the listeners. After this he proceeded with the whole assembly on foot to St. Paul's church, where prayers suited to the occasion were read by Dr. Prevoist, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, who had been appointed by the Senate one of the chaplains of Congress. So closed the ceremonies of the inauguration.

THE presidential candidates of 1880 were a distinguished member of Congress and a gallant officer of the army—Garfield and Hancock. It is of too recent occurrence to dwell upon this contest here. The campaign was vigorous and hot; Garfield was elected.

The preparations for the inauguration, after this belligerent and spirited election, were on the grandest scale. The same gathering of troops, of civil organizations, of private citizens, which marked the ceremony of 1873 was again repeated. If possible, the occasion was more remarkable; the demonstrations more profuse and vehement.

A year before, General Garfield could have been seen gayly sauntering along Pennsylvania Avenue, laughing, talking, nodding his head to this acquaintance and to that, without any obstruction to his progress in the shape of a sidewalk recep-

tion. Those who did not know him personally were familiar with his face and name. The ladies had heard his eloquence in the House—the street urchins had seen him at the base-ball grounds, shouting, with the eagerness of a boy, his pleasure or dissatisfaction as the game progressed. While a member of the House he often took occasion to run out into the suburbs of the city to witness this exciting sport. I remember one afternoon when he reached the stand erected on the grounds a few minutes after I did. I was leaning against the front rail of the platform, and, clapping me on the shoulder, he asked "Who's ahead?" I gave him the information, and he thereupon became so interested in the game that he seemed unaware that his heavy weight upon my little body was, to say the least, inconvenient. He was constantly exclaiming: "Good catch!" "Fine hit!" "Oh! what a muff!" and other well-known extracts from base-ball language, and he soon grew so excited as to make me feel the effects. I thought it wise to move to a place of safety, and I finally succeeded in edging away through the crowd.

Had he worn an air of haughty mystery and exclusiveness and a perpetual frown upon his face, many people would have looked upon General Garfield as a wonderful genius. As it was, his frank, good-natured, easy ways made him merely an ordinary man in their eyes and opinions. Such is often the way of the world!

Upon his arrival in Washington as President-elect, therefore, everybody treated him as "one of themselves"—they did not fall down and worship him as a colossus of intellect; they received him with open arms as a familiar friend and associate.

His sudden elevation did not change his manners in the least. His affability was the same as ever. I saw him, only a day or two before his inauguration, stopped in a pelting storm by a crowd of people anxious to congratulate him, and he was shaking them by the hand in his hearty manner, despite the wind and storm beating into his face, his jovial voice speaking forth his thanks with equal heartiness, with no gesture of impatience, unless perhaps an occasional toss of his massive head to shake the dripping rain-drops from his hat.

The day of the inauguration—Friday—dawned in coldness. Snow, rain, sleet,—all vied with each other in rendering the air damp and miserable, the roads and walks unpleasant. But at about ten o'clock, the sun came to the rescue. It broke through the clouds, softened the vigor of the winds, and gradually melted away the accretions of the storm. The people who thronged the streets breathed a sigh of relief. It was an auspicious omen!

Soon the inaugural procession began to move

from the White House to the Capitol. A platoon of mounted police in front; General Sherman and his aids; a brass-band; some cavalymen with yellow plumes, and several bodies of infantry next; the open presidential carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, and containing General Garfield (with uncovered head and bowing to the plaudits of the crowd), President Hayes, and two members of the Senate Committee, and another carriage

tomary speeches having been made, the oath administered, the Forty-sixth Congress having been adjourned *sine die* by the retiring officer, the Forty-seventh having been opened by the incoming officer, and the newly elected senators sworn in, the procession was formed and the same line of march pursued as at the inauguration of General Grant.

The spectacle presented from the eastern portico was more imposing than of yore. The park had



GENERAL GARFIELD ENTERING THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, ON THE WAY TO HIS INAUGURATION.

drawn by four white horses, in which sat Vice-President Arthur accompanied by another member of the committee, followed by the usual long line of soldiers and citizens, mixed up indiscriminately. All along the route stands had been erected, crowded by people; festoons of flags and banners graced the front of buildings, and pennons waved from window and from roof.

Reaching the Capitol, the distinguished members of the party entered the Senate Chamber, where were assembled the representatives of foreign powers as well as those of our own country. Vice-President Wheeler, having introduced General Arthur, the Vice-President-elect, the cus-

been obliterated, and, in its stead, an open space of lawns and concrete furnished "standing-room only" to the assembled spectators. The applause which broke forth upon the appearance of the party having at length subsided, General Garfield began his address. The eloquent words of his opening sentence, delivered in his clear, ringing voice, struck deep into the hearts of the people, and they listened with rapt attention during the remainder of the oration. It is unnecessary to speak of the hoarse tumult of applause which followed. Turning to the Chief-justice, he received the oath, kissed the Book, and became the twentieth President of his country.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE Little School-ma'am and myself have received a number of letters from the boys and girls in answer to Miriam's question in the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box of last August. The Little School-ma'am begs me to show them all to you; but as that is quite impossible in these short winter days, we must be content to read together extracts from a few of them. Meanwhile, we thank their friendly writers and all the other young folks whose letters, good and interesting as they are, may now be seen only by the Little School-ma'am, your Jack, and the birds. The information they contain is, in the main, given in the letters which we shall here take up.

Naturally there are some differences of opinion expressed in these letters, for it is impossible for so many to blow even a Golden Horn alike. But, at all events, we shall know more about it than we did before Miriam asked her question. Now for the first letter. It came from two little English girls living in London.

WHY GOLDEN HORN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When we were reading the letters in the August number of your beautiful ST. NICHOLAS, which we in England look for so anxiously every month, we saw the question "Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the Golden Horn?"

We took down "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," off the shelf of our father's library, and there we found that the harbor was so called from its curved shape and great beauty.

Your affectionate readers,

ETHEL LEWIS (aged 12).
KATE LEWIS (aged 14).

SAN ANSELMO VALLEY, CAL.

DEAR JACK: I find in Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia" the following explanation:

"In ancient times a city called Byzantium stood on the site of Constantinople. Its fine situation gave it a large trade with Egypt and Greece, and so rich did it become that its harbor, which is shaped like a horn, was called the 'Golden Horn.'"

Yours sincerely,

MAY T. H.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR JACK: The name of the Golden Horn arose, I believe, from its crescent shape, extending like two horns into the sea, and it was called the Golden Horn, from the splendid palaces that line its banks. These are for the most part roofed with copper plates, which add to their brilliant appearance.

Your faithful reader,

C. M.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: De Amicis says in his book on Constantinople that the Golden Horn is "curving like the horn of an ox; whence its name of Golden Horn, or horn of abundance, because through it flowed, when it was the port of Byzantium, the wealth of three continents."

Good-bye,

L. W. H.

ATCHISON, KAN.

DEAR JACK: Constantinople is situated on the site that was in olden times occupied by Byzantium, on the south-western entrance of the Bosphorus, upon a triangular peninsula formed by the Golden Horn (the harbor of Constantinople), an inlet of the Sea of Marmora. In olden times Byzantium was a city of great commercial importance. It had possession of the corn traffic, and its fisheries were very abundant. From the great wealth of the city its harbor was compared to a horn of plenty, and from this it was called Golden Horn.

From its harbor the city takes its name, and is therefore often called Golden Horn. Your constant reader, NELLIE JANSEN.

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH.

DEAR JACK: I could not find it in any book, but I knew an old gentleman who had traveled considerably, and was pretty wise generally, so I thought I would ask him. He said the Turkish banner was called the Golden Horn on account of the crescent looking like two horns with their mouths turned together. And as Constantinople was the port of entry between the two Turkeys, and the principal refuge and resting-place for vessels bearing that banner, it was named after the banner. It was called the Golden Horn because its (the Horn's) color was yellow.

This is the explanation my friend gave me; I think it is a reasonable one, although it may be a wrong one.

Your true friend and reader,

PAUL LEEDS.

MONTROSE, N. J., July 30, 1884.

MY DEAR JACK: Mamma takes you for me, and I enjoy reading you very much. I was reading the August number when I saw Miriam's question, looked it up, and found in Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia," of persons and places. It says: "In ancient times a city called Byzantium stood on the site of Constantinople. Its fine situation gave it a large trade with Egypt and Greece, and so rich did it become that its harbor, which is shaped like a horn, was called the Golden Horn. This old city used to stamp a crescent on its coins, and when the Turks took Constantinople they took this crescent for their national symbol." I will be ten years old next November.

LAWRENCE ARNOLD TANZER.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., September 18, 1884.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I should like to try to answer Miriam's question about the Golden Horn, because I have been on it a great many times.

The Golden Horn is really a creek of the Bosphorus, fed by the waters of a small stream flowing from the European shore. In very ancient times this name was known; but as nearly as I can find out nobody can say exactly why the name was given.

One of the guide-books says that the name Golden Horn may have been given because of its beautiful curving shape, which naturally suggests the horn of plenty.

Some think that the name Golden Horn was given because of the immense wealth that was floated by ships of commerce upon its waters; for this harbor is large enough to accommodate twelve hundred sail at the same time, and is deep enough to float the largest men-of-war, which can be moored close to the shore.

Still another explanation of the name is suggested by the fact that after a hard rain, the water is of a very yellow, muddy color, which in the sunlight sometimes really looks like shining gold.

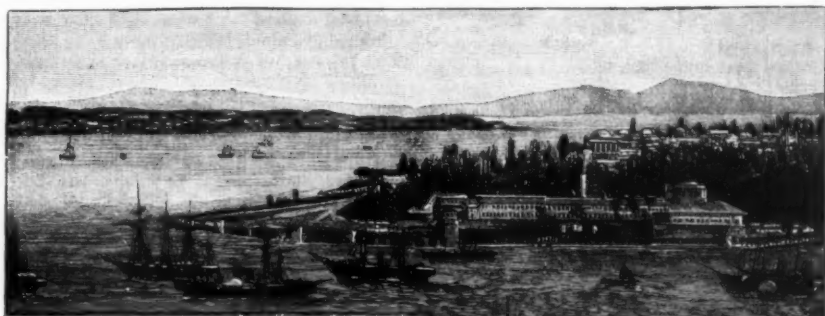
I think I like the second reason best. Since two bridges have been built across the Horn, not nearly so many vessels enter the waters, but multitudes are anchored outside at the mouth.

Yours truly,

FRED WILLIAMS.

DANVERS, MASS.

DEAR JACK: The harbor of Constantinople is called the Golden Horn because of its extensive tunny fisheries in ancient times.



Sometimes these fish were very large, occasionally one being caught which would weigh more than a thousand pounds, and they were also very valuable. Their flesh was considered delicious, and brought a high price in the market. As these fish were very abundant in these waters those people who were engaged in the business became wealthy, and hence the harbor was called the Golden Horn. There is another reason, but this is believed to be the true one.

Yours truly,

VENILA S. BURRINGTON.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR JACK: My reply would be: The name of "Horn" is given to it on account of the harbor being of that form, and "Golden" because the beautiful light from an oriental sun makes the harbor resemble a "Golden Horn."

T. MOSLEY.

DEAR MIRIAM: This peculiar harbor has always, by reason both of its form and fullness, been called the Golden Horn. It is like a stag's horn, Strabo says, for it is broken into wavy crecks like so many branches. Into these, he says, the fish pelamys run and are easily snared. In former times this fish was, and at the present day might be, a source of rich revenue. L. WARRINGTON COTTMAN.

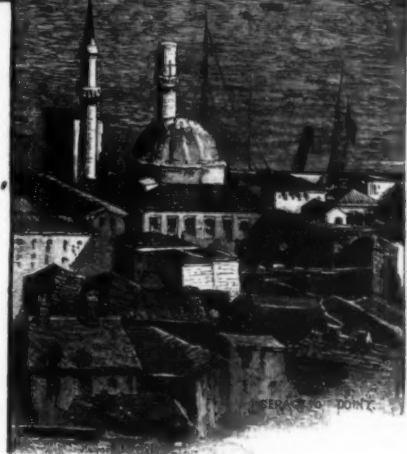
ERIE, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am a school girl of the city of Erie, in the north-western part of Pennsylvania, and have to work hard to find answers to questions and get my lessons, just as Miriam in Philadelphia does. I send as an answer to her question, "Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the Golden Horn?" that a part of the present city of Constantinople was formerly occupied by the ancient Greek city, Byzantium. On account of its location, good harbor, abundant fisheries, and the corn traffic between the shores of the Euxine and Greece and Egypt it became of great commercial importance about the third century A. C. By reason of the wealth of its commerce the harbor of Byzantium was called the "Golden Horn." Respectfully yours,

MAUDE WHITTLESBY.

These are all that I can show you, my chicks; but Deacon Green, the Little School-ma'am, ST. NICHOLAS, and myself hereby again thank many boys and girls for their interesting letters. To wit:

F. K. L.—Warren—Floy—Margaret W. Leighton—Vannah B.—J. H. M.—Howard Crawley—Charles—J. Eddie Perley—George A. B.—Julian Daggy—Lulu—G. K. G.—Mrs. L. A. H.—Violet Robinson—Azalea McCles—Kinney Smith—N. O.—S. G. Snowden—Arthur Dembitz—Palmer W.—Anna Abbott—Clara—Emily D. Scarlett—"A. Marguerite"—M. Campbell Stryker—Kitty Harris—Edith K. Harris—M. D. M.—G. B. Waggener—John—Helen M. D.—Mary—Nellie—Willie M. Brydon—John R. Slater—Nannie Fraser—H. H. Eastburn



THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

—E. Randolph—Mary Styer—Nellie Little—Amy Best—F. H. B.—"Reader and Subscriber"—Laura Blackwood.

WHY GOLDEN GATE?

DEAR JACK: So many girls will write to you in answer to Miriam's question, that I think I'll just put in a question of my own. The Golden Horn is well named, no doubt, and for good reasons; but as soon as this far-east matter is comfortably settled, I should like to know why a certain piece of land or piece of water in the far west is called the Golden Gate? Yours truly,

JANE ELVA B.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

WE are glad to learn that the kind offers of assistance made to our members from time to time are appreciated and quite generally accepted. A young lady of California writes, "I have addressed some of the specialists mentioned in our hand-book and have met with unfailing kindness. Naturalists are all so kind. I think Nature, 'the dear old nurse,' has taught them patience." On the same subject Dr. Jones, who conducted a botanical class for us last year, writes, under date of Dec. 29, 1884:

"I have received many letters and some packages of plants from the young botanists of the A. A., and some of the stations from which I have received plants are nearly two thousand miles apart. In all this region there is not a member of the A. A. who is not likely to discover some new species of plant. I wish our young friends, as they collect plants, would use some scheme like Apgar's Plant Analysis by which to note the shape, size, color, number of parts, etc. These things are all arranged in order in my scheme published in ST. NICHOLAS, beginning with July, 1883. It is very necessary that they should be noted, for dried specimens often fail to reveal many things that the living plant would show at once. I venture to say that *all* these things are not known in more than one-tenth of the species west of the Missouri river. In sending plants for identification, they should send the whole plant, or all the important parts of it, if it is a shrub. Spring will soon be here, and I hope our young friends from Texas to Oregon will enter upon a campaign with the full determination to collect every species of plant, from the minute grasses and sedges to the great sun-flowers and trees."

MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

Those of us who are studying minerals and rocks will be grateful for the rare opportunity afforded by Professor Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan, in the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR: I am deeply interested in your work. I will aid in any way practicable, and you may direct persons to me for geological information. I wonder that I had not learned more of the A. A., but I suppose it is because I have been so absorbed in my own work. I have always maintained that these studies are suitable even for very young persons. A contrary opinion has resulted from the lack of a proper treatment of geology, and too much disregard for the things right about our doors. I have tried to show that we may step out-of-doors and begin the study of geology with the same facility and delight as botany. Here at our feet are the very data of geology. Let us begin here. We can see these things and handle them. We can induce conclusions from them, and then rise by degrees to more general conclusions, and by and by acquire an interest in

things far away, but illuminated by these things under our feet. But I am saying too much. My enthusiasm over a principle in education must be my excuse. I shall be glad to be a co-worker with you. Very sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

Memoranda.

Now that the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS has generously extended the space allotted to our Association, it is a good time to remind the Chapters of a few things which some of them have forgotten.

1. It is very important that every Chapter send in its report with unfailing regularity. Do not, like some of Caesar's captives, think that in so great a multitude your defection will be unnoticed. True, we now hear from most of the Chapters, and receive far more matter than we can print; but every really good report is preserved, and is important material for our history, and sooner or later will find its place. The whole Chapter should take an interest in this and hold the secretary to his duty.

2. Do not fail to put the name and number of your Chapter at the head of each report.

3. Write on only one side of your paper.

4. Give full address in each letter.

5. Use ordinary writing-paper, and write with black ink.

6. Inclose postage if you wish an answer.

7. Classify your reports; that is, write requests for exchange, questions, natural history notes, and report of Chapter doings and condition on separate pieces of paper, or at least under separate headings, as you see them in our printed report.

8. Kindly send us any articles that may be printed regarding your Chapter.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

325. *Madison, Wis.* Our Chapter has had a year the most successful of any since its birth. We have had a number of field meetings, and have collected stock for our aquariums as well as for the cabinet. Our meeting in a neighboring wood, under the guidance of Professor Trelease, is especially to be remembered.—A. Allen, Sec.

731. *Baird's Mills, Tenn.* We have increased to 9 members. Our prospects are very bright.—H. B. Bond, Sec.

215. *Flag Centre, N. P.* This Chapter has prepared and printed a list of about 150 plants found within a radius of 5 miles. The list may be had on application, and most of the plants are for exchange.—Angie Latimer, Sec.

(Every Chapter should prepare a similar list of the specimens it may have for exchange.)

540. *Oskaloosa, Iowa.* An A. A. trip was talked of for a long time, and at last we decided to go to the river, all on horseback. Principal Scott, our president, volunteered to be our guard and guide. Twelve boys and four girls started with steeds of various colors and conditions. Dinner was carried in pockets and specimen-bags. Our cavalcade was a constant source of surprise to the country people, who flocked to the doors to see what was the matter. We found several good beds of fossils, and many fine specimens.

When dinner was served, your poor scribe's edibles were found to be a shapeless mass, on account of too close proximity to an eight-ounce hammer, so he subsisted on hospitality. A boat ride was taken up and down an arm of the river. As we separated to our homes after a delightful day, many an inexperienced rider sorrowfully thought of the morrow.—C. L. S., Sec.

340, *Portland, B. Oregon.* We have decided to study electricity as a course. We have divided the subject into three sections, viz., the characteristics, the effects, and the uses of electricity. Commencing with the last for the next meeting, we have subdivided it into the telephone, the telegraph, and the electric light. We have now 30 members.—H. W. Cardwell, Sec.

553, *Delfance, O.* We now have a nice room, and a library of 23 books, which were given to us by persons interested in our work. We gave a lawn fête, at which we cleared \$50. Will you please inform us where we can get a life-size lithograph of Prof. Agassiz?—Emmett Fisher, Sec.

(We have had to many repetitions of this request from different Chapters that we have made arrangements by which we can furnish such pictures to those wishing them.)

595, *Ononota, N. Y.* In astronomy I think we have now traced all the constellations in the celestial sphere visible from this place: as the constellations we traced in the west when we commenced are now rising in the east.—Jessie E. Jenks, Sec.

690, *Butler, Missouri.* Progressing nicely. Have increased to 10 members. We had an interesting time exploring five caves near here. We very much wish to correspond with other Chapters.—Harvey Clark, Sec.

331, *New Orleans, La.* Our Chapter was organized September 18, 1882, and is as bright as ever.—Percy S. Benedict, Sec.

47, *Newton Centre, Mass.* Our Chapter has 10 members, an increase of 6 in six months.—P. S. Brickett, Sec.

174, *Easton, Pa.* Our Chapter has lain idle a long time, but four of the old members have started it up anew. All take an interest in the work.—Alden March, Sec.

696, *Manhattanville, N. Y.* We are a party of little girls, nearly all of Spanish extraction. We can all read English now well enough to understand the articles in ST. NICHOLAS, and we are very fond of natural history.—Carmen Rosado, Sec.

195, *Kentland, Ind.* We have not lost our love for the A. A., but are more interested than ever. We have collected and arranged mosses, ferns, flowers, sea-weed, pebbles, beetles, etc., and have made many drawings of snow-crystals. You have not heard from me for some time because mamma and I have been to Europe. Oh, how we enjoyed it all! On the Atlantic, we saw the sun rise and set; we saw the phosphorescence lighting up and silencing the waves; and the aurora far more beautiful than we ever saw it on land. It was grand and sublime. We traveled through countries where customs are so different and villages so quaint and picturesque; rambled through Versailles and the forests of St. Cloud; fed the sparrows in the old church-yard of St. Paul, where flowers bloomed in February; admired the drive through Bushey Park, where the horse-chestnuts were in bloom, where for over two miles each side seemed a mass of beautiful white and fragrant blossoms. We visited cities and castles, ancient and beautiful and full of historic interest. Although very busy with my musical studies, I had some opportunities for collecting specimens in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. In the museums the natural history departments were fine, and gave me many new ideas about preserving specimens and collecting seeds and grains. Kew Gardens, near London, is a delightful place to study. There is every kind of plant, shrub, and tree known, besides museums of curiosities and polished woods. The curator was very kind. ST. NICHOLAS is a great favorite in London, and the reports of the A. A. were read with interest. We realize more and more each day that God has filled the world with mystery and beauty to excite our curiosity and invite us to study his works, and his great book of nature is full of new and wonderful lessons.

BIRDIE BLIVE, Chap. 195.

544, *Oxford, Miss.* We have done fair work in the way of observation. The following flowers have been analyzed, identified, and pressed. (Then follows a list of about eighty plants.) A flying-squirrel, a canary-bird, a blue-jay, and a sparrow have been stuffed.—C. Woodward Hutson, Sec.

734, *Detroit, Mich.* We enjoy our work very much. One of our members has brought a story for each meeting, in which he describes a man watching the growth of a very interesting insect. We have found the hand-book of very much use.—Frank Van Tuyl, Sec.

649, *Chicago, V.* Harry Crawford is president of our Chapter. His father is having a new house built, and he is going to have a room finished off for us downstairs. We are going to carpet it, have a big cabinet made, have a large library of all kinds of books and magazines, a stove in winter, and each of us is to have a key to the room.—J. H. Manny, Sec.

336, *Lavenworth, Kan.* The father of one of the boys has commenced giving us short lectures on geology. One of us found a piece of moss-agate about a mile from here. We think it quite a discovery, for we had heard that these agates are found only in chalk formations, and there is no chalk here. At the last meeting, each member brought his specimens of quartz or silica. There were over a hundred. We take great pleasure in reading the reports in ST. NICHOLAS.—H. P. Johnson, Sec.

528, *Huntingburg, Ind.* We have our meetings regularly every Friday. The per cent. of attendance is one hundred. Our monthly *Agassiz Companion* is read by the editor, and proves to be a success.—Hugh Robert, Sec.

468, *Saco, Maine.* Our Chapter was organized in April, 1883, and is still flourishing. Just before cold weather we walked to Old Orchard beach. One of the grown-up members wanted us to give up, but we like it so much that we are determined to keep on.—Genia M. Preble, Sec.

740, *N. Y. S.* We have eight active members, and quite a large collection. We intend to do some good work this winter. The A. A. is certainly a great thing for young naturalists.—H. P. Beach, Pres.

664, *Holyoke, Mass.* At one of our meetings a large moth came out of the cocoon, and we examined it. We have had a good many debates and discussions.—R. S. Brooks, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Soil of Pa., or N. J., for that of any other State.—Alden March, Sec., Easton, Pa., B.

Beetles and Butterflies.—F. L. Armstrong, Sec., Meadville, Pa., Box 49.

Crinoid stems, cyathoxonia, and stalactites for horn-blende, trap-rock, and greenstone.—Jessie P. Glenn, Bowling Green, Ky.

Fern impressions, fine.—Harvey Clark, Sec., Butler, Mo.

Sand and gravel (not mixed) from N. J. and N. Y., for same from other States.—Philander Betts, Sec., Hackensack, N. J.

Henri M. Barber asks to exchange with us, but fails to give his address.—Sec. M. B. L., Spencer, Mass.

NOTES.

126, *Squirrels drinking.*—In answer to the question, How can squirrels get water in winter? They lick the ice and snow.—Clifton S. Hunsecker, Norristown.

158, *Broken eggs.*—In reply to question of the Sec. of 256. I found a chipping-sparrow's nest, containing one sparrow's egg and one cow-bird's egg. It was evidently deserted. On the third day I saw a crow-blackbird making a dainty meal of the two eggs. When he had flown away, I found the shells of both eggs on the ground with a small hole in the side, through which the contents had been sucked. Crows, jays, and cuckoos are equally guilty with the black-bird.—U. S. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.

159, *Insect pins.*—I make my own insect pins. Take fine needles, and head them neatly with sealing-wax.—R. S. Cross, Sec. 601.

160, *Icteria virens.*—In your report for Jan., 1885, F. H. Wilcox describes a bird that answers the description of a yellow-breasted chat (*Icteria virens*; var. *Longicauda*).—R. M. Abbott, Trenton, N. J.

161, *Fossil fish.*—One of us found the fossilized head of a fish, not over one-third of an inch long.—P. C. Pyle, Sec. 439.

* 162, *Strange cocoons.*—I found a small cocoon under a cedar. I opened it and found three black cocoons in it, each about three-eighths of an inch long.—E. H. Horne, Stratham, N. Y.

NEW CHAPTERS.

| No. | Name. | No. of Members. | Address. |
|-----|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---|
| 755 | Ashburnham, Mass. (A)..... | 12. | E. N. Vose, Cushing Acad. |
| 756 | Kirkwood, St. Louis, Mo. (A)..... | 6. | Miss Mary E. Murtfeldt. |
| 757 | Akron, O. (A)..... | 6. | Miss Pauline E. Lane, 510 W. Market St. |
| 758 | Philadelphia (D)..... | 6. | R. E. Clay, Jr., 257 S. 17th St. |
| 759 | Trenton, N. J. (C)..... | 4. | C. W. Temple and J. T. Temple. |
| 760 | Jamaica Plain, Mass. (B)..... | 4. | C. S. Greene, Rockview St. |

REORGANIZED.

| | | | |
|-----|-------------------------|-----|--------------------------|
| 164 | Jackson, Mich. (B)..... | 7. | Erbert Tefft, 210 2d St. |
| 156 | Peoria, Ill. (A)..... | 20. | Miss Grace Bestor. |

DISSOLVED.

| | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|----|-------------|
| 452 | Burlington, Vt. (A)..... | 4. | H. B. Shaw. |
|-----|--------------------------|----|-------------|

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

MR. H. H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We hope to be able to present next month the report of the Prize-Story Committee concerning the Girls' Stories for Girls which have been received in response to the invitation given on page 68 of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1884.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a story composed especially for ST. NICHOLAS by a little boy of six years. It is given in exactly his own language:

A HUNTING STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who went out hunting with his gun in the woods, and saw a bird and a bear, and the bear was up the tree and he took a shot at the bear the boy did and killed the bear which frightened the bird about a 1000 miles away, and he went on a little farther until he saw two roarious lions which the lions gave a spring at him, and two other boys was behind the tree and they came out and took a shot which killed one lion, the other boy climbed up the tree with his gun and took a shot at the other lion which killed the lion so the three boys went on a little farther until they saw ten foxes and then they pulled out three pistols which had twenty shots in them and killed the foxes, and they took the foxes and the bear home and the lions and skinned them and sold them to the indians for 3 dollars which made the cat,—when she saw them on the floor—the skin of those bears and those lions and those foxes—which made her frightened very much. The doggie heard all this racket going on and he came in and jumped on them and then they had a fight—which a kitty jumped on the dog and made him very frightened indeed. So the dog gave a bounce which killed the kitten and then the boy came in with a ball and the dog and threw the ball down; and the doggie played with it. After that the boy went out on a wagon to a party. Ten children was in the party, and they played games. One game is ring around the rosey; and after their lunch they played some more games and then they went home and that's all.

Your dear little friend,

OWEN.

We are glad to lay before our readers the following very flattering tribute:

CLINTON, CONN., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two months, and never thought so much of you as I do now.

Your affectionate reader,

P. S. I am ten years old. RITA E. L.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot let this season of the year pass without writing to wish you a "Happy New Year," and tell you I am ten years old, and have been taking you for five years. The historical stories I like very much, for they have given me a taste for history.

This is my first winter in the country, and we have fine fun, my little sister and myself, playing in the snow, sliding down hill, and all wild country sports. We come in with rosy cheeks and very cold fingers; but it is capital fun. I only wish all the city children could spend a winter in the country.

JEANNIE HOFFMAN D.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan., '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa gave you to me five years ago for a birthday present, but I have never written to you before.

I have had three birds at different times, but one died and my cat killed the others. I have given up keeping canaries. Two other little girls and myself are going to have a fair next spring. We have been working for it ever since November, and hope to make a good deal of money.

One of my Christmas presents was a pair of skates; so one day soon after I went to a small pond near our house to try them. I can't say my skating was a complete success though.

I think that picture in the January ST. NICHOLAS, "The Cockalorum is Ill," is very funny. The cockalorum looks so sad.

Your loving reader,

CHARLOTTE G.

ITHACA, N. Y., January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only this year, but I am very sure you are a good book, because I have read my cousin's books. Every time I would go there I would, the first thing, read

the ST. NICHOLAS. I was always very fond of the "Spinning-wheel" stories. I am at my cousin's house now, and we have been very busy painting since I have been here, and we have great times coasting and skating on the ice. I think many times, when I am enjoying myself, how many little girls and boys have to go around the streets, and when night comes and we are warm, how they have to be cold and uncomfortable. I have a little kitten, and its name is Tessie. I named it after a little orange-girl, the story of which was in the ST. NICHOLAS. Your new little friend, MAMIE S.

HAMPTON, VA., January, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa has been taking ST. NICHOLAS for ever so long, and I like it so well that I can hardly have patience to wait for ST. NICHOLAS day to come, and when papa brings it home, I always cry out, "My first look!" Some of my friends say you don't publish their names when they answer puzzles. I tell them, may be their answers are wrong, and that I was going to try you once to see. It would be too bad after the trouble.

Yours very truly,

NELLIE W.

Nellie may be sure that all solutions which reach us before the twentieth of the month will be acknowledged in the magazine, but in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Perhaps Nellie and her friends looked for their names in the magazine for the following month.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., PINE GLAYDE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write you for a long time, but have not succeeded until to-day. I think you are just lovely, splendid, beautiful, magnificent, and deserve all the adjectives of our language.

Once our class in composition had for a subject to write about "The Magazine I Like Best," and most all the girls chose you, dear old ST. NICK! I hope you will live long and flourish in your splendid stories.

Affec. (for I do love you).

CHARLOTTE W.

HERE is a letter, in French, sent us by a little girl. Our readers who have studied French may translate it for themselves:

ALBANY, August, 11th.

MON CHÈRE ST. NICHOLAS: Je pense que je veux vous écrire une petite lettre, en Français.

Je n'ai jamais allé à l'école. Ma maman m'enseigne chez moi. J'étude le Français, l'Algèbre, la Grammaire, le Latin, la lecture, la botanique, l'écriture, et la musique.

J'ai écrit cette lettre sans le savoir de ma mère et si vous voulez l'imprimer dans votre magasin *chéri*, il lui sera un grand surpis.

Esperant de voir ma lettre imprimée,

Je reste, votre petite amie, "BESSIE."

And as a companion-piece to "Bessie's" letter, we offer to young Latin scholars the following translation of two well-known English verses into "fair Latin," sent to us by George W. Stearns, the translator:

TRANSLATIO.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Fuit vir in urbe | Quum sensitiv esse |
| Sapientissimusque | Nunciam caecum esse, |
| Erat, et in spineis | Alteris in spineis |
| Ruens suis oculis | Ruens suis oculis |
| Privabatur. | Potiebatur. |

SCRANTON, PA., Dec., '84.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I think you are the best of all magazines. In one of the ST. NICHOLAS there was a receipt in the Letter-box that a little girl wrote; it was how to make a vase with a tumbler with salt and water. I

tried it, and it was quite a success. I suppose some of your other boys and girls read ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope they will try it. I am ten years old.

Your faithful reader, CLARE.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you about an entertainment given here by Miss Minhinick's Kindergarten. There were about forty children, from three to eight or nine years old. The first part consisted of songs, choruses, nursery rhymes, and ball-play; but the second, in which you will be most interested, consisted of your "Three Sombre Young Gentlemen." I think the best of the recitations was "The Stagnant"—in which a little girl is puzzled as to what kind of animal this "Stagnant" is. The bringing in of the yule-log and of the boar's head was hailed with great applause, and as a finale, Santa Claus distributed gifts to all the children. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy the performance, and it is very certain the audience did. The little mites sang and acted remarkably well, and the bright dresses and bright faces of both boys and girls made a real Kindergarten.

I cannot conclude without thanking you heartily for the monthly treat you prepare for us. American ST. NICHOLAS beats all our English papers hollow. Nevertheless, we English young folk can enjoy it, so that it belongs to us in a measure.

Hoping that I have not trespassed too much on your valuable time, believe me your sincere well-wisher,

ADVENA T.

OAKLAND, CAL., Dec., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your January number, 1885, there was a picture entitled "The Brownies helping Jack Frost." It was asked if any one could count the Brownies. I did, and counted seventy-seven. I think the funniest one is the one who has fallen from the plank with his paint-pot on top of him.

Your loving friend,

MAMIE McL.

WE thank our young friends whose names are given below, for the pleasant letters which we have received from them, and which we would be glad to print in the Letter-box, if there were room for them: George Candee Gate, The Quartette, Helen B., M. D. M., Grace T. Gould, Alice Bidwell, Charles Piers, Katie, Arthur E. Hyde, Jessie Caldwell, Hester Bruce, Charles W. Tague, Madge L. Palmer, Foster Ferguson, Robbie Tallman, Florence England, Florence E., John H. Lewis, Helen B. L., Florence J., Marion Kellogg, Phillips Ross, Heathie Smith, A. A. D., Flossie B., Dado England, William Calvin Reid, M. E. H., Charles H. Delany, John Brown, Joseph Jewell, Arthur M. Chase, Daisy and Gracie, Bessie Rhodes, Blossom, Clarence, Christine C., Birdie M., Sadie and Edith Wattles, and E. Eames.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are rightly guessed, and read in the order here given, they will form a familiar proverb.

1. A naughty cat ran away. 2. They found a closely written roll in gathering up the rubbish. 3. It is the best one that I have ever seen. 4. The rug at her stairway is not a valuable one. 5. He is an old acquaintance of mine. 6. Amos soon saw through the queer stratagem.

"LADYBIRD."

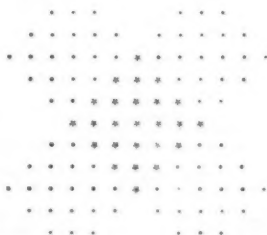
BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the flesh of animals, and leave to consume. 2. Behead barren, and leave to free from. 3. Behead long ago, and leave metal. 4. Behead close at hand, and leave part of the head. 5. Behead a paradise, and leave a cavern. 6. Behead a contest of speed, and leave a unit. 7. Behead to discern, and leave an emissary. 8. Behead a contraction meaning "in the same place," and leave to command. 9. Behead a valley, and leave a beverage.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known writer.

JOHN M. M.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. Equal value. 3. A famous city of Europe. 4. A small umbrella. 5. Ascended. 6. An heir. 7. In lapidary.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. The nickname of Philip Pirrip. 3. Part of a flower. 4. Not figurative. 5. Shaved off. 6. A boy. 7. In lapidary.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. A siesta. 3. Pertaining to one's birth. 4. Proceeding from the side. 5. Shaved. 6. A youth. 7. In lapidary.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. An edge. 3. To lampoon. 4. Generous. 5. The surname of an

American naval officer prominent at the battle of Lake Erie. 6. To deposit. 7. In lapidary.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. A small lump or mass. 3. To hinder. 4. Toiled. 5. Stripped of covering. 6. A color. 7. In lapidary.

"LYON HART."

ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams may be transposed to form the title of a book by a well-known American authoress.

1. Count Bem's Clan.
2. Feloi's Text.
3. Miss Otric on the Wing.
4. Floskton Wold.

Name of authoress,

Esther Whitoree Brace.

DAISY.



DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ARRANGE the ten objects pictured above in such a way that they will form a double diamond, which is a diamond that forms new words when read across and up and down.

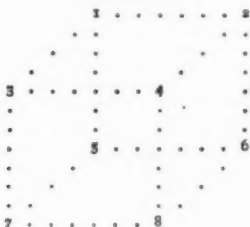
G. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals form the name of an illustrious painter and sculptor who was born in March.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. Insanity. 2. The act of making persons known to each other. 3. A steep, rugged rock. 4. The joint on which a door turns. 5. Uniform. 6. A game at cards. DYCIE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, pertaining to iron; from 2 to 6, a state of uncertainty; from 5 to 6, a small nail used by shoemakers; from 1 to 5, fictitious; from 3 to 4, drawing along the ground; from 4 to 8, a body of troops in a fort; from 7 to 8, a kind of leather; from 3 to 7, places of amusement; from 1 to 3, weak; from 2 to 4, to draw up the shoulders to express dislike; from 6 to 8, consumed; from 5 to 7, closes. CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A field-marshal's staff. 2. To expiate. 3. Batrachian reptiles. 4. A flying report. 5. Habitations. II. 1. To make of a red color. 2. Possessor. 3. Beneath. 4. Domestic fowls. 5. Strayed.

The first word of each of the foregoing word-squares, when read in connection, will name a city of the Southern States.

"ALCIBIADES."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and form a proverb.

My 30-9-22-20-18-3 is a thief. My 8-16-26-6 is part of the face. My 15-32-21-11 is a piece of pasteboard. My 25-27-20-1-7-4 is not

wavering. My 33 is as good as five hundred. My 28-10-13-10-31 is a serf. My 2-5-14-17 is to repair. My 24-23-12 is a precious stone. C. B.



By starting at the right letter in one of the foregoing written words, and then taking every third letter, a maxim by Poor Richard may be formed. H. V.

AN OCTAGON.



1. Woolly substance on cloth. 2. In Rome, a public place where orations were delivered. 3. Part of the face. 4. One skilled in any art. 5. Followed. 6. Very minute spiders. 7. Induced. F. S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

A FEBRUARY PUZZLE. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. hiVes. 2. chAin. 3. baLLs. 4. crEam. 5. caNes. 6. mITs. 7. knIfs. 8. riNgS. 9. chEss.

MONUMENT PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Devisor; 3 to 4, Nominated; 5 to 6, Relents. Cross-words: 1. N. 2. Rod. 3. Demur. 4. Elide. 5. Venal. 6. Image. 7. Satan. 8. Overt. 9. Rides.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Great. 2. Rondo. 3. Endow. 4. Adore. 5. Tower.

CHARADE. Can-did. AN "AGED" PUZZLE. 1. Pupilage. 2. Bondage. 3. Usage. 4. Homage. 5. Patronage. 6. Brokerage. 7. Rummage. 8. Anchorage. 9. Pillage. 10. Average. 11. Tillage. 12. Shrinkage. 13. Disparage. 14. Fruitage.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the FEBRUARY number, from Fred Thwaites—Francis W. Islip, England—Hugh and Cis, England.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 20, from Harry M. Wheelock—Trebhor Treblig—Harry F. Phillips—The Knight Family—Maggie and May Turrill—Francis W. Islip—No Name, New York—"Shumway Hen and Chickens."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 20, from J. S. S., 1—A. and S. Livingston, 1—Lillian Osborne, 1—Howard and Joe, 6—Max Neuburger, 1—E. H., 1—Willie Hutchinson, 3—Carrie Wilcox, Anton Heger, 2—Charles Wilkinson, 11—Clara L. Powers, 2—Fanny Rowley, 1—"Vici," 3—Sam and Gertie, 2—"Fred and Gill," 8—Blanche Dag-enais, 1—Paul Reese, 13—Tiny Rhodes, 1—"Puss and Hebe," 5—Maud Sherwood, 9—Helen Lanahan, 3—"Prince Hal," 6—Katie Throop, 1—Arthur W. Booth, 1—May Thompson, 3—G. A. B. and G. L. M., 7—Helen B. L., 1—Helen W. Gardner, 3—Celia Loeb, 1—Florence E. and Mabel L., 1—Anna Schwartz, 3—Alice R. Douglass, 3—Jennie F. Balch, 12—A. L. Zeckendorf, 2—Will Wells, 1—Howard Wells, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—"Pepper and Maria," 12—Josephine Casey, 7—Ethel Matterson, 1—Laura C. Reeves, 6—Ida Maude Preston, 13—Elizabeth Grosbeck, 1—D. C., 5—Vera, 1—Jessie B. Mackever, 6—May Rogers, 2—"Romulus and Remus," 5—B. B. V. Y. of O., 6—Lettie and Edith S., 4—Nellie Wood, 5—Mamma and Nona, 7—Petsy and Beatie, 8—Lillie Parmenter, 7—Daisy and Mabel, 4—E. B. R., 10—"A. B. C.," 2—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9—Louise G. B., 2—Belle and Stewart, 9—Maggie B. Brown, 1—Phil. O. Sophy, 9—Elizabeth Hardee, 2—Edith M. and Charlotte G. Pomeroy, 9—Ted and Ote, 5—George Habenicht, 4—"Chimpanzee," 7—Olive, Ida, and Lillie Gibson, 6—Alice Westwood, 10—Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff, 13—E. Muriel Grundy, 9—Mathilde A. Morgenstern, 2—Bob Howard, 6—"Edipus," 5—M. M. S. M. V. B., 7—Fanchon, 1—Arthur E. Hyde, 8—James Connor, 4—Appleton H., 11—Myra Hunnewell, 4—Lucy M. Bradley, 13—Willie Sheraton, 8—"Firmie," 9—Hallie Woods, 4—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 11.

"FLY THE FEATHERS!"

A SNOW-STORM JINGLE.

THERE was a little boy named Rob. He had a brother John and a brother Ned, and one day they said to him: "Come, Rob! It is snowing hard. Bring your sled, and we will be your horses!"



I.

FLY the feathers;
Catch the geese!
Buy the bells,
A cent apiece!
Feathers flying—
Snow to-day;
Hitch the horses
To the sleigh!

Jingle Jingle,
In the sleigh;
Hitch the horses
To the sleigh!

II.

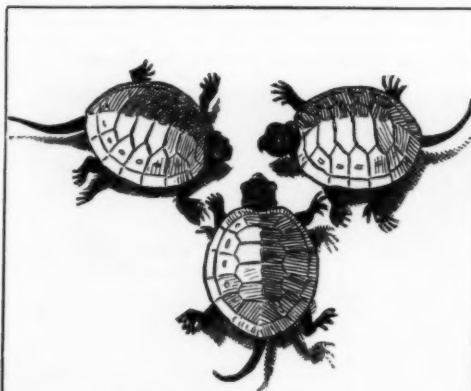
Here we hurry
Up the hill;—
Ho! my horses,
Whoa! be still!
Down the hill,
Upset the sleigh;—
Stop, my horses!
Stop! I say.

Jingle Jingle,
Off they go!
Stop my horses—
Whoa there! O!

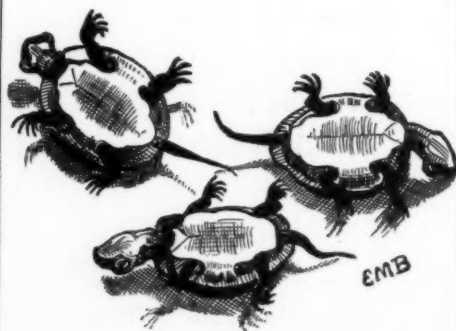




SOMETHING BETWEEN A GOOSE AND A PEACOCK.



THREE DEADLY CONSPIRATORS.



AH, HA! — FOILED!



THE GILDED BOY.

Vo

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